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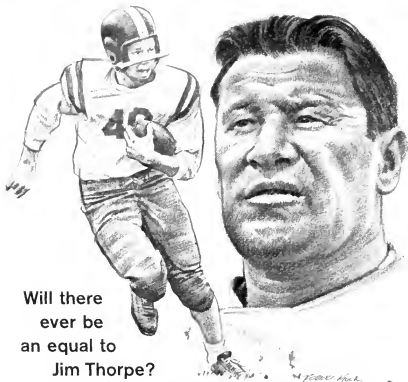


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As we started to tell you, don't bother to read this advertisement.

Or, well. Too late.



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Next week

MASTERS CHAMPION Jack Nicklaus wraps his engrossing story of the four days of tension, tactics and shoring-making that ended with his come-from-behind triumph at Augusta.

A FISHING DISCOVERY is the new Club de Pesca de Pantania on Pinar Bay. Jack Olsen describes this saltwater Valhalla, where black marlin almost literally rob the water.

AN IDEAL YACHT CLUB is projected by Bill Ficker, a racing sailor who knows how to build things. The club is presented in color photographs accompanied by design details.



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POINT OF FACT

A major league baseball quiz to stimulate the memory and increase the knowledge of fans

? *Total Robinson broke a White Sox team record last season that had stood for 37 years. What was it?*

• He hit 45 doubles (to lead the American League). The previous high for the White Sox had been Earl Shelly's 43 doubles in 1975 (surpassed by Bibb Falk a year later).

7 a) What teams led the major leagues at winning one-run games? b) Losing one-run games?

• **a)** The Pirates, fourth in the National League, won 32 one-run games out of 54 played. But the Phillies, seventh in the NL, had the best percentage in the majors (28-14, 65%). **b)** The Mets, the youngest team in baseball, also lost the most one-run games—39 out of 58.

► **Twins' Davis** of the Dodgers led the major leagues with 133 RBIs last season. Who was the last player in each league to exceed Davis' total?

• Ted Williams and Vern Stephens of the Red Sox each knocked in 199 runs in 1949. Davis had the most RBIs in the National League since Joe Mauer's 154 in 1937.

? *Das sind vielleicht wie ihre eigenen Ideen, wie kann das sein?*

★ Yes, there were nine. Joey Jay of the Reds, Jack Hamilton and Ari Mahaffey of the Phillies and Vern Law of the Pirates each won five games from the Houston 45s. Bob Friend of the Pirates, Jim Golden of the 45s and the Giants' Jack Sanford each took two from the Mets, and Bob Purkey of the Reds won five games from the Pirates. The lone American League, Ralph Terry of the Yankees, won five from the Twins.

✓ **Low Wilson and Bill Woodhouse** of the Red Sox can't throw a no-hitter game last season. Have two pitchers from the same team ever done this before?

• Yes, seven times since 1900. Most recent of these were Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette of the Braves in 1960 and Carl Erskine and Sal Maglie of the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1956.

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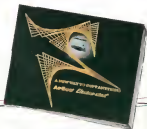
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SCORECARD

BUTTS-BRYANT (CONT.)

It is perfectly clear that Georgia's Wally Butts committed an indiscretion when he discussed his team's offensive and defensive formations with Alabama's Bear Bryant. That cannot be denied, but the importance of the information conveyed by Butts to the attentive Bryant has been magnified many times over, most recently by Eugene Cook, the Attorney General of Georgia.

Last week Cook summed up a two-week investigation. Butts, he said, gave Bryant "vital and important information that could have affected the outcome" of the Georgia-Alabama game. Nothing in the testimony Cook heard should have led him to that conclusion. A close examination of an 18-page, single-spaced typewritten transcript of an interrogation of Johnny Griffith, who succeeded Butts as Georgia's coach, does not reveal a single specific instance where Butts's words worked to Alabama's advantage. Griffith's main point—that Butts told Bryant what formations Georgia would use—was vitiated by his admission that not once during the game did he feel that Alabama had any foreknowledge of his plays.

Georgia, Griffith told *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, "called about the usual number of 'audibles' [signals at the line of scrimmage] against Alabama. That would be three or four." In other words, all but a few of Georgia's plays were called in the secrecy of the huddle. As Texas Coach Darrell Royal pointed out in this magazine last week, it is more important for a defending team to know when a particular play is going to be used than to know the play itself.

As we said last week, if Attorney General Cook has further evidence against Butts, he should disclose it. If not, his attempt to impugn Butts by press release—rather than due process—is a disservice to football and to justice.

A LITTLE EDUCATION

Fishermen always complain about the tiny fish they catch in stocked streams. You can't blame the fishermen, but nei-

ther can you blame the fish. Since they are no longer being fed regularly as they were at the hatchery, they are hungry. They strike at the first lure they see and never grow up into mean, frustrating but delightfully huge old linkers.

A South Carolina hatchery took steps to solve this problem. Before they transferred their largest hays to public waters, the attendants put the rookies through a vigorous spring training, fishing for them with fly rods and barbless-hook lures. At first the hays slammed the lures with reckless abandon, but after being jerked around on the end of a fly line for a while they smartened up. In a month it was hard to fool them, and they were deemed ready for the big leagues. Now they're sulking around under logs, steering at the best lures money can buy, and growing into nice, big trophy fish. The fishermen are still complaining, of course, but it's better to have them moaning about fish they haven't caught than fish they have.

ATTABARY, HUDDERSFIELD

Harold Wilson, leader of Great Britain's Labor Party and the winter book favorite to succeed Harold Macmillan as Prime Minister, is a sports fan. Like Macmillan he is a golfer, but his real love is soccer, which sits well on a Labor Party leader. (One would guess that a Conservative Party leader would prefer cricket.) When Wilson was 11 years old, in 1927, his father began taking him to see the local soccer club, Huddersfield Town, and to this day Wilson carries a picture of that year's team in his wallet. He can recite the names of all the 1927 players from memory, and even though Huddersfield Town has fallen into the second division of the English Football League, Wilson's interest in the club continues unabated. "How's Huddersfield doing?" he will ask almost anywhere of anyone who looks as though he might know.

His golf is more of an acquired habit, though like all lovers of the game he is always winging a club. He practices by chipping golf balls over the roof of his

home in Hampstead, London. Golf Writer Henry Longhurst of *The Sunday Times* of London commented recently: "For a potential prime minister, [Wilson's] action seems very promising. The full turn of the shoulders and the half turn of the hips will commend themselves to all students of the game. But perhaps the most important thing is that Mr. Wilson is a golfer at all, and therefore by definition a tolerant and understanding man."

THE CUSTOMS GAME

One day in August 1961 a German freight car loaded with wooden planks arrived in Lyons, France. A customs official asked an agent of the American Machine & Foundry Company, "What do you intend to do with that imported wood?" "They are floor planks for bowling alleys at the Palais des Congrès," was the reply. The customs man slowly thumbed through his thick book of rates. "You must pay a duty of 5%, for importing wood to make floors," he decreed.

A year later French customs officials reopened the matter. They demanded another \$2,627, on the grounds that the use made of the imported wood put it in the category of "un jeu," that is, a



game. Instead of 5%, customs wanted 22% duty, same as for playing cards.

The Lyons agent of AMF appealed. His attorney argued that bowling is not a "game," like cards, but a sport. However, the customs attorney argued that the Customs Cooperation Council in Brussels had ruled that bowling was a game, not a sport.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF GOLF BALLS

SCORECARD *continued*

Judge Fernand Coccaldi threw out the Brussels document on the grounds that it had never been officially published or officially submitted to him. And, as neither the judge nor the attorneys had ever seen a bowling alley, the court adjourned to the Lyons lanes to watch a few games.

Now the judge has made his ruling. Since the wood was not used for floors, the 5% duty on flooring could not apply. "On the other hand," said this Daniel come to judgment, "bowling involves throwing 16-pound balls down an 80-foot track. It contributes to the physical development of those who participate. Consequently, bowling is not a game but a sport. Therefore the tariff rate is neither 5% nor 22%, but 17%."

The litigants departed, and the sound of the bowling ball was heard in the land.

THE SEARCH FOR RING SAFETY

With the death of ex-Featherweight Champion Davey Moore still fresh in its mind, the New York State Athletic Commission set down some new rules for boxing last week. From now on gloves used in championship matches will weigh eight ounces instead of six. If a fighter is knocked down, he must take an eight-second count before the fight is continued — the rule may not be waived in championship fights, as was formerly and commonly done. Should a fighter be knocked down three times in a round, he will lose the fight on a technical knockout. The commission also set up an experimental program which it hopes will improve ring safety: four ring ropes in place of the standard three, and two-minute rounds instead of three-minute rounds for four-round preliminary bouts.

The commission's experiments may make boxing a safer sport, but in the New York State Joint Legislative Committee report, from which the commission got its lead for reform, there is a recommendation that could be of far greater long-range value. The report proposes that a clinical study of gloves, headgear and ring materials be undertaken by Cornell University, which has done extensive research on the effects of automobile accidents on the human body. There is a widely held theory that boxing gloves, instead of preventing serious injury, contribute to it, but no one has ever proved or disproved that idea. Some say that an eight-ounce glove is actually more dangerous than a six-ounce glove because

continued

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SCORECARD

the 25% increase in weight in the heavy-glove is concentrated in the bulky padding around the wrist, instead of over the striking surface of the fist, so that it merely becomes a heavier weapon. It is also argued that the bandaging used under the gloves, ostensibly to protect the fighter's hands from damage, has become instead part of the fighter's offensive equipment. With bandaging he can hit harder and inflict more injury.

In the last week three more boxers, two in Australia and one in Caribbadee, Pa., were killed in the ring. If the projected Cornell study needs a sponsoring agency, we suggest the World Boxing Association. Here is a way for the WBA to do something significant.

THEY SAID IT

- Jess Neely, Rice football coach, when asked if it isn't tough to open against a strong team like LSU every year: "Well, yes, but then you remember the 70,000 fans who saw us play in Houston two years ago and the 68,000 in Baton Rouge last September — and it isn't so tough."
- Zorro Versalles, Minnesota shortstop, criticized for talking too much last season, to a reporter: "Yes, I would like to hear better — but that ees off the record."
- Serge Boudreault, Baltimore Clipper hockey wingman, when asked what touched off the free-swinging battle with Cleveland Player-Coach Fred Glover in Cleveland: "He had me up against the boards and was holding my stick. I couldn't get loose, so I bit him."
- Red Auerbach, Boston Celtic coach, discussing his basketball team's loss of a playoff game to Cincinnati: "The thing people don't understand is that this team can lose games sometimes. The team doesn't understand it either."
- Paul Richards, Houston Colt general manager: "This business about the old-time players being better leaves me cold. Today's players are more serious, more dedicated and smarter."

KIN OF CARRY BACK

The 1963 Kentucky Derby is still three weeks away, but nonetheless we have a long shot for you for the 1964 renewal. The colt's name is Lepanto, he is a Puerto Rican and he has won only a few two-furlong nursery races at El Comandante track in San Juan. But what intrigues us is the fact that he's a son of Saggy, who is also sire of Carry Back, the crowd-pleasing, come-from-

(continued)



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behind winner of the 1961 Derby. Admittedly, a two-furlong race in Puerto Rico is a far, far cry from a mile and a quarter in Kentucky, but Stanley Sagner, owner of Saggy, says that Lepanto "right now looks as good as any 2-year-old I have ever seen at this stage of development, and that includes Saggy and Carry Back." Lepanto's owner, Dr. Eduardo Maldonado Sierra, declares that he does not intend to overwork the colt, which will interest those who felt that Jack Price ran Carry Back as though he were a taxicab. Dr. Maldonado says that Lepanto loves to run more than any other horse he has ever owned, but he admits that he hadn't regarded the colt as Derby material until critics began to talk of him as such.

Well, we told you it was a long shot, but, even so, *arrriba Lepanto!*

VERY ICHI-BAN

If anybody had told such U.S. golf champions as Gene Littler, Jay Hebert and Tommy Bolt that they would be beaten in the Masters last week by a wussy bit of a Formosan named Chen Ching-po, they would have packed up their cashmere sweaters and vowed never to cross the border into Georgia again. But by last Sunday night Chen had beaten this esteemed trio and a great many others, too, had finished 15th and had won himself \$1,100 and a lot of applause.

A 31-year-old pro at the Tokyo Country Club, Chen was invited to the Masters because he was the Japanese Open champion, but nobody expected him to play as if he intended to be the Masters champion, too. Chen started his Augusta visit on Wednesday by tying George Bayer in the par-3 tournament that precedes the Masters play and teaching Arnold Palmer a Japanese description of Arnie's drives: "*Ich-i-ban* long hit." Palmer laughed, the 10,000 fans watching the par-3 event laughed and all was international goodwill. Chen shot a mediocre 76 on the opening day, but on Friday he had a 71, which is pretty *ichi-ban*. In Saturday's deluge he shot another 71, a score that not one player at Augusta could better. He finished Sunday with a 75 and a total of 293. By ending up among the top 24 he automatically qualifies for next year's Masters. Asked if he would return to Augusta, he said, "Oh yes. Come back when rain is gone. Do better." If do much better, win tournament.

END

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Olympic champ Bob Mathias, in McGregor slacks with Fortrel

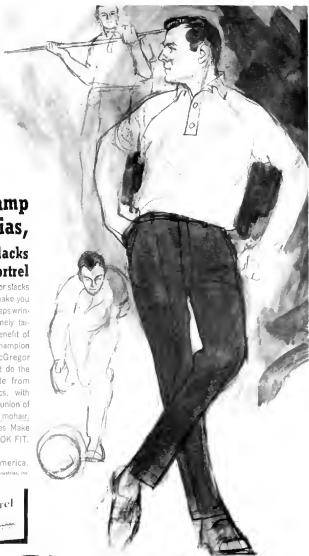
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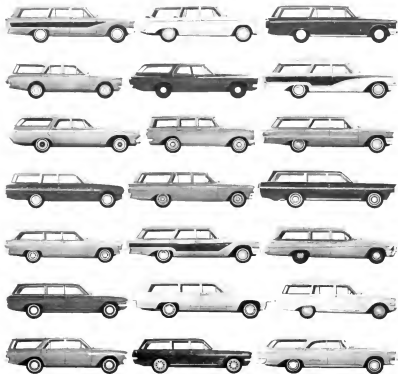
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**Sports
Illustrated**
APRIL 10, 1983

YOUNG JACK THE MIGHTY MASTER

The old men challenged fiercely at Augusta but, in the end, strength and youth conquered as big Jack Nicklaus used his huge drive and near-flawless tactics to become the youngest Masters champion ever. Only one stroke behind Nicklaus was Champagne Tony Lema, a newcomer to the Masters and a bubbly threat to pro golf's best

by ALFRED WRIGHT

CONTINUED



AN IMPERTINENT SPEEDUP IN THE CYCLES OF GOLF

Thanks to an early Georgia springtime, the Augusta National golf course was at its pink-and-white loveliest last week, with the azaleas at dogwood gaily blooming. It seemed a most inappropriate place to use a bludgeon, yet that is what big, smart Jack Nicklaus did as he became, at 23, the youngest golfer ever to win the most cherished tournament of them all. The blows that made the Masters his were struck on Friday when he shot a 66 that has to rank as one of the finest single rounds ever played at Augusta National. It put the course at his feet and the tournament in his palm, and gave him the edge he need-

ed to coolly survive the last-round histrionics which have become as much a part of the Masters championship as Bobby Jones and the green coats given to the winners. After that 66, nobody really thought Jack Nicklaus could lose the Masters, and that includes Nicklaus himself.

Now he has won, and it seems the cycles of golf are moving ever more rapidly. As the eras have succeeded one another—from Jones and Hagen to Nelson to Hogan and Snead to Palmer—each has followed the next more closely. With his Masters win, Nicklaus apparently has resolved to start a new era before that of

Palmer (and to a lesser extent, Player) has even begun to ebb. If you did that in show business, they would murder you for stepping on the other fellow's lines. But Jack may get away with it.

For a few minutes on the last day, however, it looked as if Nicklaus was not going to get away with anything, least of all the Masters championship. It was a time of testing, and a time of rare excitement, and it began as Nicklaus stepped to the 10th tee at 3:30 p.m. He had just made the turn in 37, losing half of the two-stroke advantage over par he had held when the day began. By that time Sam Snead, who was playing the 13th hole, was trailing Jack by only a stroke, having had an excellent first nine of 35. Gary Player, who was on the 14th hole and playing better than anyone else in contention, was tied with Snead. So was Tony Lema, who was on the 11th fairway, a couple of twosomes in front of Nicklaus. And steady, phlegmatic Julius Boros, Nicklaus' playing partner for the day, was casually swinging along only two strokes behind Jack or one over par for the tournament.

For the next hour and more, the respective positions of these five players were scrambled and rescrumbled so rapidly that one might have thought the scoreboards around the course were being operated by the dealer in a live-card monte game. The first important change came after Lema got a hooey 5 on the 11th hole, his first major lapse of the afternoon. He hit his second shot fat, barely reaching the front edge of the long green, and it took him three putts to get down from a good 100 feet away. Shortly thereafter Snead sank a dizzily winding 35-foot putt at the treacherous 14th green to go one under par. So at 3:50 in the afternoon, the five contenders stood:

Nicklaus, on 12—one under

Snead, on 15—one under

Player, on 15—even

Boros, on 12—one over

Lema, on 13—one over

Now it was Player's turn to arouse the enormous galleries that had rushed



High-stepping Champagne Tony, a dancing man any time, exults in his birdie putt on 18.

to the far southwestern corner of the course where most of the action was in progress. Gary's drive was too short on the 320-yard 15th to risk trying to carry the pond in front of the green with his second, although there was hardly a breath of wind. Instead he hit a safe shot short of the water with an iron. Then he pitched his third just 15 feet from the pin and sank the putt for a birdie. The victory that had seemed so remote to him throughout the tournament suddenly appeared within reach, and Gary did a little dance on the green, waved his white cap in the air and replaced it at a cockeyed angle.

Snead, following in the next twosome, hit a good drive and then earned the pond with as hard a three-wood as he could muster, leaving his ball eight feet short of the green and only 30 feet from the hole. He was easily down in two for his birdie, and now was two under par.

Meanwhile, Nicklaus was having his miseries on 12, a 155-yard hole that involves shooting across a swale and a pond to a narrow green. "Just about that time, Snead had birdied a couple of holes in a row and the crowd was cheering. It probably bothered me," Nicklaus said later. "I came off a seven-iron a little and hit it into the trap in front of the green."

He hit his shot out of the wet bunker well across the green, and his third shot was still eight feet from the hole. "I knew I'd better not miss that putt," he said. "Sinking it made a tremendous amount of difference." Still, the bogey dropped him to even par, while Boros was getting his birdie 2 and Lema was sinking a putt for a birdie 4 on 13. So at 4 o'clock they stood:

Snead, on 16—two under
Player, on 16—one under
Nicklaus, on 13—even
Boros, on 13—even
Lema, on 14—even.

It was during the next half hour that the real scrambling took place, and the tournament was decided. Player, who was the first to finish, took bogey 5s on both the 17th and 18th holes, a depressing ending to his fine bid. Snead, while still in the lead, hit his four-iron tee shot badly at the 16th. It stopped on the front part of the green, 50 feet from

the cup, and from there Snead three-putted for a bogey. Moments later he bogeyed the 18th after a poor second shot to play himself out of contention.

Lema was the next to finish, and he arrived at the 18th still even with par after his birdie on the 13th. Tony hit his second shot on 18 some 25 feet above the pin and to the right, leaving himself a terrifying downhill putt over the hump of the green with a sharp break to the right. His only hope for a tie was to sink it, for Nicklaus was again two under.

Lema looked over this scary putt with a pose that denied the torment inside him. For all one could tell, he might have been playing a \$2 Nassau on Wednesday afternoon back home in San Leandro. Then he addressed the ball and barely moved it with his putter. Down

the hill it rolled—curving, curving, always seeming on the verge of stopping, until, just as Tony leaped into the air, it dropped solidly into the middle of the cup.

But Nicklaus was not to be denied. At the par-5 13th he had gotten back the stroke he had lost to par. He continued without incident until the 16th, an ominous par-3 over a big pond. "I really wasn't nervous there," he said later. "It wasn't until after I'd made my birdie putt on the 16th that I began to get nervous." The putt was a 12-footer from the back of the green that curled into the hole. It put him two under par and allowed him to arrive at the 18th green needing only two putts from 25 feet for his victory. The first putt slid three feet past the hole, and he was sur-

continued



Low-stopping Sam Snead watches in chagrin as his putt rolls toward the cup but not in.

prised that it didn't go in. "Then I was surprised when the second one did," he said.

Surprised? He threw his cup in the air, and a grin came over his cherubic face that won't go away for a month.

It was evident at Augusta, as it was at last year's U.S. Open and at the World Series of Golf exhibition last fall with Palmer and Player, that Nicklaus has become an overwhelming and inevitable as nightfall. The very best competitors in golf may seek to avert him, as they have during the brief 15 months he has been competing as a pro, but he is obviously too strong, too determined, too skillful to be sidetracked or delayed.

The manner in which he tramples a golf course and the opposition was emphatically demonstrated on Friday, when he shot his 66 and caught the entire field except the surprising two-day leader, Mike Souchak. With a gusty wind blowing as much as 30 miles an hour, the course was resisting the golfers as stubbornly as it ever can. A long drought had hardened the sub-surface of the greens, and even the best-played approach shots refused to dig into the turf.

"Those balls wouldn't stop if they had spines on them," is the way Snead described the situation. Other complaining golfers put it far more succinctly but with far less humor.

Nicklaus started his Friday round tied for 16th place after a 50-to-74 on Thursday. En route to the six-under-par performance that he delivered that afternoon he had six birdies and 12 pars. The 18th was the only green he failed to hit in par, and after overshooting it he chipped back to within 18 inches of the cup for his 4. What is more, on every one of the first six holes, his putts for birdies hit the cup, but stayed out. "I don't think I ever played a better round of golf in my life," he said later while most of the others in the field were bemoaning their bogeys and blaming their troubles on the golf course and the elements.

The delicate giant

Perhaps the moment that most distinctly showed the force of Nicklaus' play that day came at the 15th. The big hitters expect to reach this green in two when the wind is absent or following, as it was on Friday, and many of them did, only to find that their long approach shots refused to hold on the putting surface. Nicklaus used a five-iron

for his second that day—a drive and a five-iron, mind you, on a 520-yard hole—and the ball floated in as if it were being gently transported by a friendly robin, stopping within a few feet of where it struck. It was a prodigious, yet delicate shot—visual testimony that along with Jack's enormous strength goes the touch of a golfing artist.

Equally vital to Nicklaus' success is his attitude. Before or after a match he will be as friendly and considerate as an airline hostess, but once on the golf course he is as determined as Palmer at his grimmest. Just before Nicklaus left the clubhouse for his final round on Sunday, he paused to say hello to a friend who asked him, "How do you feel today, Jack, big and strong?"

Nicklaus laughed and said, "Yeah, big and strong and tough and mean." He was laughing, but that is exactly how he did feel the moment he addressed his ball on the first tee. It was an attitude that served him well during the high winds of Thursday and Friday and Saturday's drenching rain.

The idea of the Big Three of golf—Nicklaus plus Palmer and Player—has begun to stick in the craw of quite a few touring pros, particularly the old-timers like Snead, Bolt and Demaret, whose instincts and experience tell them that these three men cannot be as much better than the rest of the field as the press insists. Demaret, for instance, gave an interview to the Associated Press before the tournament started, in which he said the whole idea of the Big Three was hogwash. "Where are your Big Three now?" he asked late Thursday afternoon when Player was tied for sixth with a 71 and Palmer and Nicklaus for 16th with 74s.

Actually, only Arnold Palmer of the Big Three was constantly out of real contention. Much as he wanted this one, and he probably wanted it as badly as he ever wanted any tournament, Palmer could never develop the momentum he needed to win. From the time he arrived at Augusta his frame of mind appeared to be un-Palmerish. One day he said, "It seems everybody is playing better than last year, and I'm not playing as well." People have been outdriving him, of late, and it bothers him. "I must be getting old," he said. "I don't seem to be getting the distance I used to."

As the tournament began, Palmer was driving erratically, and his wedge play,

which has never been the game's best, would have made a duffer squirm at times. "I'm the worst wedge player in the world," he said Friday afternoon.

Helped by a hand machine

To the very end, nonetheless, Arnie's Arnie had faith, and when faith wasn't enough they took matters into their own hands. On the 10th hole on Sunday, Palmer hooked his drive into the rough at the base of a large pine tree, and one of his still-huge gaffers picked it up and chucked it out to the fairway. Naturally, the Rules Committee made him drop the ball where it had first come to rest. A few moments later, when Palmer reached the 11th green, the young men who were operating the scoreboard had posted a message for him: "Go Arnie," it read in big black letters. But this time Arnie couldn't go, and he wound up in a tie for ninth at 291.

Of all the Big Three, Gary Player showed the steadiest golf throughout the tournament, never brilliant but never dismal. His successive rounds of 71, 74, 74 and 70 left him, respectively, in a tie for sixth, two ties for ninth and finally in a tie for fifth only a stroke over par for the 72 holes. It was nothing Gary could explain, and when it was all over he offered no excuses.

"I felt just fine when I arrived," he said Sunday, "but I played poorly the first three rounds. I wasn't hitting the ball at all well. I really had to work to get it around in the scores I made. Yet today I played so well I could hardly believe it. Really, I could just as well have had a 63. I missed seven putts inside seven feet and didn't hole one over six feet. I've been told I'm not a good eight-foot putter, and I'm beginning to realize it. But it was a great win for Jack."

Certainly nothing else in the tournament gave the sentimentalists the pleasure that they got from the marvelous performance of 50-year-old Sam Snead. Playing on a sore foot that has bothered him for several weeks and competing in only his third tournament of the year, Sam was never more than one over par, and never stood worse than sixth. Probably nothing in his entire career—save the victory that always eluded him in the U.S. Open—would have given him as much pleasure as winning his fourth Masters, and beating Nicklaus, too. Ever since their thrilling head-to-head television match at Pebble Beach last fall, old



Not the Masters' master this year, three-time winner Arnold Palmer displays a laser's glare that exquisitely reflects his discontent.

Sam has nursed a deep grudge against Nicklaus for cavalierly keeping him waiting on the first tee. Jack, it seems, had arrived late the night before and insisted on a long practice session before the cameras could turn. When the match finally started, Sned almost blew it on the first few holes while he was getting his temper under control. But his revenge was not to be at the Masters, where his tired old limbs made him bogey the 70th and 72nd holes after he had struggled into his momentary lead.

The Big Three, however, may very well have felt a chill wind on the back of their necks after the performance of Champagne Tony Lema. He arrived at Augusta trailing Nicklaus, the lowest of the trio on the money list, by only a couple of thousand dollars. After a perfectly adequate 74 through the gales of Thursday, he shot a superb 69 on Friday, one of the best rounds of the tournament, excepting Nicklaus' 66.

Even if the Big Three may not welcome a Big Fourth among them, everyone else would, for Tony is a decidedly refreshing addition to the celebrities of golf. Before he went out on the course for the final round on Sunday he was standing on the second floor of the Augusta National clubhouse talking with Dan Sikes, another young touring pro. When Sikes mentioned that Tony had a chance to win, Lema replied, "I tell you I'm so charged up right now I could walk right out that door and through the balcony railing and out over the air to the first tee." Tony talks like that, and the things he says will doubtless be entertaining everyone for a long time to come.

With his purse at the Masters, Lema has now pushed Arnold Palmer into fourth place on the list of money winners and left himself less than \$700 behind second-place Gary Player.

He still has a long way to go to catch Jack Nicklaus, however, for Big Jack is fast becoming the mighty man of golf. Masters officials have to get his measurements now for that green winner's coat. The size is 44 regular, and they may as well file it where it will be handy. Jack may earn a few more of those coats in the future.

END

Hey, They Went Thisaway

The contrary lad pictured here is not just a trackman with a heady touch of spring fever. He is a legitimate competitor at the Arkansas Relays in Fayetteville, and he has just skimmed over a 120-yard stretch of high hurdles in a zany spring track fixture called the shuttle hurdles. In the shuttle, teammates stand at opposite ends of the course. At the gun, the first man runs down the track to tap his teammate who then races back up—and so on. Here the man in the lane nearest the camera has just tapped his University of Arkansas teammate in the second lane. Meanwhile the third man waits for his Kansas State teammate to hurry down and spring him off the block.

Photo by L. B. Dreyfus III







Joe Schuman



2, 235, 197, 406, 895, 366,



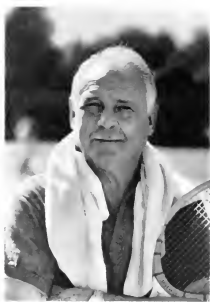
It was Thursday evening in Kankakee, Ill., and the ladies' bridge club was in session, just as it has been every second Thursday evening for the past 32 years. At one of the two tables, Mrs. Ethel Hoy (*far right*) dealt the cards and picked up her hand. She saw spades. The closer she looked, the more spades she saw, nothing but. Meanwhile, the other ladies at the table were looking at their cards. Mrs. Betty Lehman (*second right*) picked hers up one at a time. After seven cards she had seven clubs. "I'll be able to make a marvelous pre-emptive bid with this hand," she thought. Mrs. Irene Sellers (*far left*) looked quickly at her hand, saw nothing but red cards and imagined she had a two-sunder. "I saw diamonds first and started looking for hearts," she said. There were none. Mrs. Arlene Wagner (*second left*) had them all. The ladies of Kankakee had a wondrous bridge hand, one suit to each player. The odds against this, as computed by Remington Rand, make such a holding "impossible," says the American Contract Bridge League. To find out how the ladies bid their impossible hand and what to do should you pick up 13 cards in one suit, turn to page 74.

368, 301, 559, 991 to 1

Tennis, it used to be said, was Hollywood's game.

In one of the funniest exhibition matches ever played, the partnership of Groucho Marx and Ellsworth Vines met and beat Charlie Chaplin and Fred Perry. Alice Marble and her coach, Eleanor Tennant, used to play with such movie personalities as Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn and Carole Lombard. And the big star who didn't occupy a front-row box at the Pacific Southwest tennis tournament sometime during the autumn week was pretty well obliged to turn in his sunglasses and unlisted phone number and find another occupation. Occasional rebels like Bing Crosby and Bob Hope preferred golf, but the Establishment of Hollywood took its athletic pleasures on the tennis courts until the whole place was wiped out by a deluge of video tape circa 1950.

All this has something to do with a man named Charles David Farrell. Charlie was very, very big in Hollywood in 1927, the year he appeared as Chico opposite Janet Gaynor in *Seventh Heaven*. Just about everyone connected with that movie won an Oscar—everyone, that is, except Charlie. Janet Gaynor won one as the best actress, Frank Borzage as the best director and Benjamin Glazer for writing the adaptation. Yet the one thing everyone remembers about *Seventh Heaven* is the scene where Chico is stumbling blindly through the sewers of Paris, groping his way back to the tenement he came from and into the arms of Janet, his love. In those days Charlie was probably the handsomest hunk of movie flesh ever to step in front of a silent camera. *Seventh Heaven* started a series of 12 Charles Farrell-Janet Gaynor love idylls that just about broke America's heart, or what was



CHARLIE'S SEVENTH HEAVEN

left of it after the Great Depression had done its dirty work.

Then, as far as Des Moines, Sioux Falls, Scranton and the like were concerned, Charlie Farrell disappeared—but as far as Hollywood, Palm Springs and tennis were concerned he was as big as ever, for after he left the screen he founded what has become a kind of sporting institution, and he is still very much around. Today you will find him at the place he built and ran, the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, Calif. He no longer owns it outright, although he retains a sizable first mortgage on it representing roughly 80% of the \$1.2 million for which he sold it four years ago. But Charlie Farrell's personality has dominated the club ever since he and his wife, Virginia, and Ralph Bellamy, the actor, started it in a moment of exasperation 29 years ago when they were having trouble finding a place to play tennis with their friends. (Charlie's present title is chairman of the

An American matinee idol 30 years ago, Charlie Farrell is still very much on stage at the Palm Springs Racquet Club, the celebrity-filled institution that he founded, ran and rarely leaves
by ALFRED WRIGHT

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heard, although he isn't exactly sure what that means.)

For most of the years since its modest beginning, the Racquet Club has been an institution in southern California roughly equivalent in prestige to the Coliseum, Caltech, Mc-G-M and the Hollywood Bowl. Sometimes it has even seemed to reflect all the glow and achievement of these other institutions. On its tennis courts and in its swimming pool and at its Saturday night dances you might once have found John McCormack, Ginger Rogers and the president of the Standard Oil Co. Elliott Roosevelt courted one of his wives at the Racquet Club bar while his father was still President of the U.S. Today another president, David McDonald of the United Steel Workers of America, spends his winter months around the Racquet Club. So does Dinah Shore. Your partner in a doubles match might, if you look at him closely, turn out to be Bo Belinsky, or an evil-eyed killer who almost did in Marshal Dillon of Dodge City in last week's episode, or a fellow who just brushed splitting an atom.

There is the story about the time some years back when a lady visitor from the East sat herself on a stool at the bar, ordered a cocktail and asked Tex Gregg, the bartender, if there were any movie celebrities around. Tex eased the room, then turned to Clark Gable, who was also seated at the bar, and asked, "Have you seen any movie stars around?"

"Nope," said Gable. "Haven't seen a single one."

The Racquet Club has a reputation, only partially deserved, of being one of the most exclusive compounds in the state of California. It is not unusual for a big shot from the East who is planning to visit Palm Springs on a vacation to have his secretary or someone phone the Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce and ask if Mr. Big could possibly arrange to have a guest card to the Racquet Club. For several years Jack Benny used to have an annual skit on his weekly radio program called "Murder at the Racquet Club." In one such, Benny, as the sheriff of Riverside County, drove up to the front gate of the Racquet Club and demanded admittance so he could investigate the homicide. "Are you a member?" intoned a voice over the club's public-address system.

"No," answered Sheriff Benny.

"Then you can't come in," said the voice.

"All right, throw the body over the wall," Benny shouted back.

Despite its reputation for exclusivity, the Racquet Club has, through the years, cultivated the friendship of the dispossessed, such as journalists and pretty young starlets. Although they don't always like having their privacy invaded by the public, celebrities are not averse

stars and public has been due to Charlie Farrell's generosity toward the people who couldn't really afford the luxury of his establishment.

Inside the front gate one finds the atmosphere of the Racquet Club is as relaxed as a hillbilly hoedown. On an average winter weekend, members and guests lounge around the courtside in their white tennis clothes, chatting and watching the matches. Julie Copeland, the en-



THIS IS HOW CHARLIE LOOKED WHEN HE STARRED WITH JANET GAYNOR

to seeing their names in print (in the proper way). In consequence, Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper, not to mention their less-syndicated colleagues, have found the front gate of the Racquet Club will open for them at a nod. Many a star who was once a starlet posed for her early cheesecake on the springboard of the club's big swimming pool and spent a pleasant weekend there on the cuff. Marilyn Monroe was a case in point, so was Meisue (Mrs. William) Powell, who, since her marriage in 1940 to the famous actor, has been one of the mainstays of Racquet Club society. Favors like that are not soon forgotten, so a great deal of the Racquet Club's goodwill among

ergetic blonde tennis hostess who was once a ranking player in New England, sees to it that everyone gets a game with a group of approximately comparable forehands and backhands. You may find yourself playing mixed doubles with Dinah Shore, men's doubles with Robert Stack or just sitting and watching a set or two between some members of the Davis Cup team. Every Tuesday there is Mouseburger night (named after Mouse Powell), when Julie really equalizes the teams—the best man with the worst woman and vice versa. About 9 or 10 in the evening the round robin is finished, the lights on the courts are dimmed and the prizes awarded. Then everyone

continued

has a drink at the bamboo bar before sitting down at a long table covered with cheeseburgers.

A Racquet Club day begins somewhere around 8:30 in the morning, when Charlie Farrell himself comes hurrying through the front gate like a willow. "Good morning, good morning, good morning," he shouts in the general direction of the first people he sees, and his high-pitched Yankee accents travel to the highest peaks of the San Jacinto Mountains that hover protectively some 10,000 feet above the club. Now 61 years old, Charlie is an eye-catching sight in his multicolored clothes—a pair of linen trousers, an alpaca sweater covering his sports shirt and the stylish ensemble topped by a bright plaid jacket. His hair is pure white now, but all there, his complexion is tan and healthy, his eyes are a lively gray-green, and a sliver of a white mustache tops his upper lip. There is a lot of spring in his 6-foot 1-inch frame and his weight is still a fairly trim 180 pounds.

Once he reaches the club's glass-walled dining room overlooking some tennis courts on one side and the swimming pool on the other, Farrell always sits at the same small table, but only for moments at a time. His voice has by now flushed any walters who may have been lingering in the interior crevices, and they come forth, towel over arm, just

as much to see Board Chairman Charlie as to serve him.

A few of the early risers who occupy some of the 127 rooms in the club's 37 buildings will already be at their breakfasts. Farrell is no sooner seated at his own table than he will jump up from his chair to see what everyone else is eating. "You know what you ought to have with that sausage?" he will say to a diner who appears to be enjoying his breakfast. "A couple of slices of tomato. Very good for the digestion. Reminds me of the time Virginia and I were traveling up in the northern part of Australia, and..." Charlie Farrell is off on the first of perhaps eight dozen anecdotes that cascade from his mouth so tumultuously throughout the day that his words seem to stumble along behind his enthusiasm like newborn puppies trying to follow their mother.

Sitting at breakfast, Farrell has a stethoscopic sensitivity to the problems of the Racquet Club, born of 29 years' parental knowledge of its early starlings. Out of the window he will see two strangers strolling past the swimming pool and into the garden beyond and, interrupting himself in midsentence, he will grab the telephone. "Louise," he will say to the office manager, "two men in business suits just walked by. Who are they? They aren't those damn county assessors again, are they? Get someone

to go find out what they're doing." Then Farrell will go on with what he had been saying, grabbing the forearm of his listener in his exuberance. "... So I came in last night at dinnertime and there was this man with this little recording machine sitting right next to two couples who were having dinner. Darnit, he was playing their whole dinner conversation back to them.

"Do you want this recording?" I said to them. 'No,' they said, 'we don't want it.'

"I'd never seen the man in my life before. So I say to him, 'Out.'

"But this is the greatest machine ever invented," he says to me.

"O.K.," I say, "then take your greatest machine ever invented and *out*!"

"All we need is this great machine under our beds," Charlie concluded, "and we'll all be in San Quentin—or divorced. No, not in San Quentin, but divorced."

Everyone loves to tell stories about Charlie Farrell, and just about everyone who ever knew him has one. Perhaps the favorite of all is one he enjoys telling on himself. It was early on Easter morning some years ago, and Charlie had been up all night at the local gambling casino with his pal, Townsend Netcher, a rich Chicago merchant. "We'd been doing a lot of drinking," Charlie recalls. "In fact, we both had a pretty good load on. Driv-

continued



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LUCKY OPEN	40	36
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PHOENIX OPEN	18	16
TUCSON OPEN	17	16
NEW ORLEANS	16	22
PENSACOLA	15	22
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CHARLIE'S HEAVEN *continued*

ing home. I kept thinking of my beautiful, long-suffering wife, so I started singing *I'm Coming, Virginia*. The sun was already well up by the time we got home, and I remember seeing that beautiful model—what's her name? Anita Colby—already lying alongside the swimming pool in her bathing suit. We were living in the house we'd built at the end of the swimming pool by then, and when I went in the front door I saw this big hat Virginia was planning to wear to Easter Mass. So I tied it on tightly and stepped into the pool for a swim. Pretty soon Virginia came out looking for her hat, and there it was going up and down the pool, with Brighi Boy, the spaniel we had at the time, running alongside barking at it. Things were kind of cool around the house for a while.

"Anita Colby," Farrell mused. "It's a funny thing that I can even remember her name. I never forgot a face, and I can usually remember where I saw it, but I can never remember names. One time—and, so help me, this is absolutely true—a man came up to me here at the bar and said, 'Hello, Charlie, remember me? Jackson Hole.' So I said 'Why sure. Hello, Mr. Hole.'"

Farrell can be equally vague with the most conspicuous of celebrities. As Mamie Eisenhower was leaving the Racquet Club after lunch one recent afternoon, she paused to tell Charlie what a nice time she had had. "Thank you, dear," said Farrell, momentarily at a loss for the ex-First Lady's name. "I couldn't help it," Charlie said later. "That's just the way I am."

The names that float through Farrell's head after a lifetime among the celebrities of the world read like Frank Sullivan's Christmas ode in *The New Yorker*. Douglas Fairbanks, Bill Tilden, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Don Budge, Will Rogers, the Prince of Wales, Clara Bow, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, William Fox, Big Boy Williams, Eddie Gouillard, Peter Lorre, Mackey Cochrane, Fritz Loewe, Rudy Vallee, Efreim Zimbalist, Jack Barrymore, Bing Crosby. On and on they go, and as Charlie's thoughts dance across the years, he isn't always sure he can bring the right name out at the right moment.

The dizzy whirl of Charles Farrell began on August 9, 1902 in East Walpole, Mass., several miles south of Boston. Charlie's father, David, was a motorman on the suburban streetcars of Boston.

Having moved his family about 40 miles southeast to Onset Bay and obtained the help of a rich neighbor, the senior Farrell quit the streetcars and opened a movie house. The whole family pitched in—mother Farrell selling the tickets, father Farrell running the projection machine, sister Ruth playing the piano and Charlie sweeping out. "God, how I hate peanuts," Charlie says today.

Earning his keep with odd jobs around his home town, young Farrell matriculated at Boston University, where he captained the boxing team in his senior year and took his degree in business administration. But there didn't seem to be much business for him to administer, and soon his stage career began—as boss of a traveling midget act. Eventually, in 1923, he arrived in Hollywood, with not much more to his name than a few clothes, a cornet and a bag full of golf clubs.

The actors and directors of the infant movie industry were a carefree and playful lot, and the handsome young Irishman from Boston soon learned how to get around in the uninhibited world of Victor Fleming, the elder Doug Fairbanks and the rest. "I was always well dressed," he says, "and had a reputation for being on time, so people began to say, 'Can we have that Charlie Farrell?' I played with Rin Tin Tin and in the Mack Sennett comedies, and Harold Lloyd had me in a lot of pictures. But my real break came while I was working for Vic Fleming on location in Arizona making *The Rough Riders*, and I got this wire from Fox asking me to come back and play Chico in *Seventh Heaven*. 'That's great,' Fleming told me.

"Vic, it's not great," I said. "I'm the lowest actor in the world."

"Who told you that?" he said.

"You did," I said.

"Well, you're not," he said. So he started to build up my ego, and he got me through with *Rough Riders* in time to go back and play the part."

A few years later the name of Charles Farrell more or less disappeared forever from the marquee of the nation's movie palaces. Some thought it was because his rather high-pitched Boston accent wouldn't accommodate to the crude recording devices of the early talking pictures (recently it proved most attractive in a TV series, *My Little Margie*). There was also a widespread rumor that he had been blacklisted by the industry because

continued



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he was uncooperative with Winfield Sheehan. Sheehan was a former New York City police commissioner who had been placed in charge of the studio by the Chase National Bank after William Fox lost control of the company in the stock market crash. Some thought it was because Sheehan, who had an ill-concealed crush on Janet Gaynor, was jealous of Farrell.

Farrell himself says the reason he quit was because he was fed up. "Sheehan did anything he could to make me feel small," he now explains. "I couldn't take it anymore. He did everything for Janet and nothing for me. He just tried to humiliate me every chance he got. Finally, when my contract came up for renewal, I wouldn't sign. 'Charlie,' the studio lawyer said to me, 'where are you going to earn \$3,500 a week this easily?' I told him I didn't give a damn."

That was in 1933. For several years Farrell had been spending a lot of his spare time during the winter in Palm Springs, which was then little more than a desert health resort patronized mostly by tubercular people. Only the main street was paved; it boasted one livery-stable hotel called the Desert Inn, some auto courts and a couple of dude ranches on the edge of town.

With his new wife, Virginia Valli, who had been one of the prettiest of Hollywood's young leading ladies, Farrell started spending more and more time in Palm Springs, and his friends did, too. One of the closest of these was Ralph Bellamy, and together he and Farrell bought 200 acres of empty desert several miles north of the center of town for \$30 an acre. They hadn't the slightest notion what they were going to do with the land, but it seemed like a reasonable speculation at the time.

A year or so later, Farrell and Bellamy built a couple of tennis courts and a small dressing room on their land. The original memberships in the infant club cost \$75 apiece but soon escalated, as they say in New Frontiersville, to \$150. Among the earliest members were Peter Lorre, Carole Lombard, Charles Butterworth, Harold Lloyd, Frank Morgan and a couple of the international cafe society playgirls, Countess Dorothy di Flasso and Hazel Forbes Richman.

It was pretty haphazard the way the Racquet Club grew from then on. "First, we decided we ought to have a bar so we could serve drinks," Farrell recalls,

"so Mitch Lersen designed one of the first bamboo rooms there ever was in this country. And we're still using the original bar, although we've enlarged it a little." Lersen, another R.C. original, was a top Hollywood director.

"Then," Farrell adds, "we decided to put in a swimming pool and after that a solarium to use as a dining room, and then a bigger dining room for the Saturday night parties, and cottages for people to stay in, and it just kept growing. I bought out Ralph's part early, because he was too busy to take an active part, and Virginia and I ran it by ourselves. If we needed a little money we would sell some land—the property's worth about \$8,000 an acre now—or I'd go up to Hollywood or over to England and make a quick picture."

It was just that casually that Charles Farrell's career got sidetracked from film to sport, where it probably belonged in the first place. For Charlie loved the outdoors and the active life. He bought an interest in a herd of more than 100 horses that his friend, Big Boy Williams, a young cowboy actor, was trying to school for polo. Eventually, Charlie started playing the game himself.

"I was a noisy polo player," Farrell admits. "I remember once when I was making a picture in England I played some polo over there, and people were always asking, 'Who's that noisy American?' You know how the English are—hardly ever say a thing no matter what's happening. Well, I'm not like that. And I learned to play with Big Boy and Snowy Baker and all those guys, and they never stopped yelling and cussing." As polo slowly died out in California with the approach of war, Farrell abandoned it, but he did achieve a respectable two-goal handicap before quitting.

Sailing was another of Farrell's great sporting enthusiasms, and before the war he owned a lovely 45-foot yawl, which Virginia christened *Flying Cloud* after the famous clipper ship. "We used to race her a lot around the Channel Islands," Farrell recalls. "Bogie, Kenneth McKenna and this German fellow who was the head of wardrobe at Fox. The German had a great feeling for where the winds were, and we used to win a lot of races."

Although he was into his 40s when World War II started, Farrell soon put his affairs at the Racquet Club in order, turned the reins over to Virginia and

continued

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CHARLIE'S HEAVEN continued

went to naval officers' training school. In one of those rare instances where the services put a round peg in a round hole, Charlie was assigned to run the bachelor officers' quarters and the officers' club at the Alameda Naval Air Station near San Francisco, where he did a first-rate job. "I worked it so you could get a good steak dinner for \$1.25," he says, "but I was worried. You see, the admiral was a friend of mine, and he gave me a free hand to do what I wanted, but we owed a couple of million red points or whatever they called those ration things, and I kept wondering what would happen if they changed admirals and the new man didn't approve. Anyway, I didn't join the Navy to be a restaurant keeper, so I kept after them to send me to sea."

In due course, Farrell caught on as an administrative officer with Fighting Squadron 17, and for the subsequent year he served in the western Pacific with this unit aboard the flattops of the Fast Carrier Task Force. Even today, quite a stream of Farrell's old friends from the *Hornet* and other ships drop in for a visit with him at the Racquet Club, and they always get the full Farrell treatment—hospitality, charm and reminiscences. It is at such times that Farrell goes into one of his most devastating impersonations—that of Admiral J.J. (Jockey) Clark, a most aggressive and belligerent naval officer. Charlie hunches his shoulders, sticks out his lower lip and shuffles around the room, chewing gum and glowering fiercely. He becomes Admiral Clark, commander of one of the great task groups of Task Force 58, giving hell to poor, quavering Lieutenant Farrell. Charlie's Jockey stories put the old Navy men in stitches.

When Farrell returned from the war, he found the Racquet Club more profitable than ever. With the proceeds accumulated during his absence, Virginia had bought enough war bonds to fill the swimming pool. If the matter was ever in doubt, it was by then perfectly obvious that it would be impossible to have a Charlie Farrell without a Virginia Farrell to keep him—and the Racquet Club—on an even keel. It was she, for example, who did most of the interior decoration and contributed sound common sense to counterbalance Charlie's frequent flights of fancy. She is a woman of extremely good taste, which accounts for the club's homey and comfortable

rooms and its air of cool freshness—an oasis of mission-style friendliness tucked among the tall tamarisk and eucalypti of the Coachella desert.

Part of the wartime profits were dissipated in a romantic attempt to operate a summer resort on Catalina Island, but when that project dissolved in debentures the Farrells returned their concentration to Palm Springs, and Charlie began to take an interest in civic affairs. He was elected to the city council and then took over the post of mayor, a nonpaying job somewhat akin to chairman of the council. He served as such for nearly seven years but resigned in a huff near the end of his second term after a dispute over the status of the city manager. Unlike other Boystonians of Irish descent, Charlie Farrell had found the art of politics distasteful.

Then Farrell began to lose his taste for innkeeping, too. He had spent the best years of his life running the Racquet Club, but the old crowd was getting a bit creaky for tennis and was drifting away—or dying off. So he sold out to Robert Morton, a Pasadena businessman who immediately began to enlarge the club, adding 62 new living units, two new tennis courts and another swimming pool to the 58 units, four tennis courts and a single swimming pool that Farrell had maintained.

For a while, Farrell was seldom seen at the club. He had saved his money through the years and invested it wisely, much of it in Palm Springs' booming real estate. At last he was free to take a look at the rest of the world. He and Virginia visited other resorts in the Caribbean and Mediterranean, and when he was in Palm Springs he didn't stray far from his showplace home on the edge of town. Lately, however, much of Farrell's old sociability has returned, and it's getting to be like old times at the Racquet Club again. Charlie is vibrating around the premises from early morning until well into the evening, eating most of his meals there, suddenly appearing in the most unlikely places or bursting out of unexpected doors, keeping the staff on its toes and amused, telling story after story to the people at the bar, never quite seeming to know what time it is or where he is, but somehow not missing a thing.

You might even go so far as to say that Charlie Farrell has rediscovered Seventh Heaven.

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Girls playing tennis are prettier than anybody—and if you don't believe it, look at the following pages—but they are not necessarily more effective. Even the hardest-fought women's matches at country clubs from Newport, R.I. to Newport Beach, Calif. usually are ground stroke duels marked by long, graceful rallies during which neither competitor is likely to approach the net or the backstop. This kind of tennis looks very pretty, and it's a fine way to catch a date for the Saturday dance from the gallery, but it's no good for winning matches against either men or other women.

As it happened, I was interested only in getting a date for the Saturday dance when I ran into an agitated blonde tennis player at a club in Ohio a good many years ago. But she was more interested in winning tennis. "Oh, Bill," she almost sobbed, "I'll actually die if Candace beats me in the club tournament this year. Can't you show me how to beat her?"

I saw no problem. "Stick with me, honey," I said, "and I'll make you a champ." At least, I thought, I might get a date when the tournament was over. For the next two weeks my friend (whom we will call Serena) and I held daily practice sessions on a court conveniently hidden from the clubhouse, developing some new strokes. On the Saturday afternoon of the women's finals, she unveiled them against Candace (which wasn't her name either) and won the tournament.

What were the strokes? A drop shot and a lob.

These are effective strokes in anybody's repertoire, and I had first learned their true value only a few months before, when I was matched against a player far more experienced than I. He was picked to win easily, so, being young and brash, I decided to alter things a bit. On his first four serves, I answered with a drop shot just over the net which brought him lunging and stumbling from the baseline. When he returned the ball successfully, I floated a lob over his head, sending him panting to the backstop. The result: I won the match 6-0, 6-1.

I can't pretend that strategy based on two strokes would sweep through the national championships, but I can practically guarantee—as, in fact, I did to Serena—that in run-of-the-country-club women's tennis it will produce a winning game and, provided your opponent is not also reading this article, a club championship.

The drop shot has been called the whipped cream of the stroke menu. It is produced by the gentlest kiss of the racket on the ball, just enough to drop the

continued

A ONE-TWO PUNCH FOR THE PRETTIEST

BY WILLIAM F. TALBERT

PAINTING BY COBY WHITMORE

WITH A LOB TO THE BASELINE, THE GIRL AT RIGHT IS ABOUT TO CRIVE HER OPPONENT BACK WITH ONE PART OF THE ONE-TWO PUNCH





A photograph of a tennis court. The top half of the image shows a green grassy area, possibly a practice area or a different section of the court. A white line runs diagonally across the middle of the image, separating the grassy area from the main court surface. The bottom half of the image shows a light-colored, possibly concrete or asphalt, surface. The text is overlaid on the bottom half of the image.

BY HITTING A SHOT THAT WILL DROP JUST OVER THE NET
THIS GIRL SHOULD CATCH HER OPPONENT OFF GUARD



ball over the net for a quick death. To give a drop the disguise and spin that make it most effective, you approach it just as you would a normal ground stroke. Then, a split second before impact, you turn the racket face under to impart backspin, relax your grip and tap the ball. The more backspin you use, the harder you can hit the ball but the more difficult it is to make the shot. The almost horizontal position of the racket in extreme backspin means that the slightest mistiming of the stroke will cause you to hit the wood.

For the best drop shot, a ball at waist height should be hit with the racket face tilted at about 30° from the vertical. The follow-through is in a downward direction and can be as short as one foot.

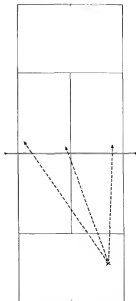
There are two kinds of lob, both of which should be mixed with the drop shot for a winning combination. The offensive lob can be hit either flat or with a slight topspin, I recommend the latter, because it bounces away from the player running back to retrieve it.

The defensive lob is best hit with an underspin. This serves two purposes: 1) it makes for better control, particularly in a wind, and 2) its backward rotation tends to slow the ball so that it hangs in the air to give the defensive lobber a chance to recover his position.

Many people think of a lob as no stroke at all, but merely a kind of push or shovel shot. It is no such thing. A good lob demands just as much precision as any other stroke. Because its greatest value lies in its disguise, it should be started off either side in the same way as the corresponding ground stroke. The only difference is in the angle of the racket face at the moment of impact and on the follow-through. In placing lobs, you should generally aim for the player's backhand area and as close to the baseline as you can get.

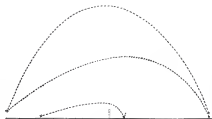
It takes practice to learn such placement, but when you have it and can use it in conjunction with the drop shot, you will have a one-two punch that will soon make a wreck of the steadiest backcourt duelist.

Try it out, girls, and I promise you'll all be club champions. But if you care to get invited to the Saturday dance, don't try it on your dates.



For a drop shot to be most effective, your opponent should be standing well back and you should hit the ball from inside the baseline (x in the diagram above), aiming for placement right, left or center.

The trajectories of the three elements of the one-two punch are shown below. The high arc is the defensive lob, the slightly flatter and below it is the offensive lob and the lowest represents the drop shot.



ALTERNATELY DRAWN FORWARD WITH A DROP SHOT AND SENT BACK WITH A LOB. THE GIRL CAUGHT BY THE ONE-TWO WILL SPEND MOST OF HER TIME ON THE RUN

Cool skiing in sun-baked Alaska

The names that came out of the National Alpine Ski Championships, held for the first time in Alaska, were well known: Werner, Minsch, Ferries and Saubert. But there was also a mountain named Max

AFTER A DAY ON THE SLOPES, BILLY MARDLY (LEFT), BUDDY WERNER AND JIM HEUGA ADMIRE FRÄULEIN BARBI KENNEDY



In the four years since the outdoors-happy inhabitants of Anchorage, Alaska awoke one morning to find themselves blessed with the first major ski development of the 49th state, a number of singular events have transpired in the vicinity of Mt. Alyeska. One night a moose ate the tow rope. Again, a bear chased a skier up a tree. Max Marolt, a visiting Coloradan, achieved geographic immortality by humming his way to the top of a neighboring mountain via helicopter and sking down its side, they promptly

named the mountain after Max. But last weekend Secretary Seward's hustling baby proved that it had grown up to its stretch pants. The first National Alpine Ski Championships ever held in Alaska—in fact, the first national championships of any kind—turned out to be a rewarding success. The moose and the bears may never be the same again, but more than half a hundred racers, including the ingredients for the finest Olympic Alpine team America has seen, were enthusiastic.

So, too, was the competition committee of the U.S. Ski Association, which has been striving for years with remarkably little success to develop an Olympic team built around—as opposed to being built entirely upon—the sturdy presence of Wallace (Buddy) Werner. Buddy Werner, now 27, emerged once again as the most versatile American ever to slide down a mountain. He won the combined national championship for the second time and, in the process, twice in three races finished ahead of the sensational European discovery, Switzerland's Jos Minsh (Sl. Feb. 25), who served as a more than adequate international test. Yet Buddy couldn't win a race. He finished second to Minsh in the giant slalom, a development that left U.S. officials less than overjoyed, but he also finished second to Chuck Ferries in the slalom and second to a 19-year-old University of Colorado teammate, Billy Marolt (Max's brother), in the downhill. And, because Werner is America's most popular skier as well as its once again best, this made people bubble with delight.

"Buddy is skiing better than he ever skied in his life," said Bob Beattie, coach of both Colorado and the U.S. Olympic team. "He's not falling back. The other lads are catching up. We still need a lot of work, but maybe we're about ready to win some of those medals at last."

Medals are no novelty to American women, and in 1964 the likes of Gretchen Frayer, Andrea Mead Lawrence, Penny Pitou and Betsy Snite can prepare to move over for Jean Saubert, a bouncy, brown-haired girl from Oregon with a marvelous grin. Sixth in the giant slalom and ninth in the downhill and the combined in her first world championships in Chamonix last year as a 19-year-old, Jean has been almost unbeatable in 1963. She won the Roth Cup slalom, giant

slalom and combined, she won the Vail Cup downhill, slalom and combined; two weeks ago, at Sun Valley, she beat one of the world's best women racers, a pretty, dark-haired mouse from Munich named Barhi Henneberger, two out of three times to win the Harriman Cup downhill, slalom and combined. Last weekend, with the other Americans trailing far behind, Mrs. Saubert and the German invader hooked up again in a duel that rivaled the Werner-Marolt affair. Mrs. Henneberger won the downhill, with Jean second. Miss Saubert won the giant slalom with Barhi second. And Miss Henneberger won the slalom only when Jean, leading after the first run, fell on her second trip just three gates from the finish line.

Despite the fireworks, the natives seemed reluctant at first to take part. But then the sparkling spring weather—the temperature never fell below 15° at night and soared as high as 52° during the day—brought them pouring out of Anchorage, by jeep and car and pickup, onto Seward Highway and the winding 38-mile trip to Alyeska along the shore of Cook Inlet and Turnagain Arm. The latter, boasting the second-highest tide in the world, is a Norwegian-like fjord that earned its name when early navigators, hoping to find a shortcut to Divnelyland, came smack up against a glacier instead. The spectacular beauty of the mountains rising almost vertically alongside is best appreciated at high tide, when there is two of everything to fascinate the viewer, one upside down. At low tide—Turnagain Arm also has the second-lowest tide in the world, although Alaskans seldom mention this—mud and glacial silt combine to produce a scene that looks like hell froze over. At low tide, the traveler is happy to turn off the main road for the jolting two-mile ride to Mt. Alyeska.

Alyeska, an Aleut word meaning "Great Land of White to the East," is one of the few sea-level ski resorts. From the lodge at its base, the mountain rises 3,994 feet to a peak from which one can see dozens of other mountains, eight glaciers and several broken arms and legs any day of the week. The tree line, consisting almost entirely of spruce, ends at 1,800 feet; above there are open slopes, a munature of the Swiss and Austrian Alps. Upon one of these slopes

continued



was set a downhill racing course that brought sounds of pleasure from every competitor present. "It's not as fast or as steep as some of the European courses," Buddy Werner said, "but it sure is interesting. It's long, and there are going to be some problems."

Not the least of these problems was a transition one-third of the way down that brought the racers out of a relatively flat stretch into a sharp drop and then up a dizzy hump. At this point, press photographers gathered hungrily like hopeful relatives at the reading of a will. Rewarded by a constant stream of flying bodies, some of them inverted, the cameramen departed happy. Not all the skiers were so happy, but most of the good ones survived. Werner did, despite his slightly undesirable No. 1 starting position, and for several hours afterward Buddy thought that he had won. But an electronic timing device had somehow malfunctioned with human assistance, and for a while Minseh thought that he had won, too. Finally the officials decided that Billy Marolt had won, in the shadow of brother Max's mountain, with Werner one-tenth of a second behind, Minseh third and Fernies tied with Jim Gaddis of Utah for fourth. Marolt didn't hear the news until 5 p.m. when he came down from giant slalom practice.

Germans are not eligible

"Boy, that's great," said Billy. "I never won anything this big before."

"All along we were more worried about Marolt than Werner," said the Swiss coach. "Last week at Sun Valley that boy showed us something. He's going to be a great skier."

In the women's competition, Miss Hennenberger lashed on a pair of borrowed skis—she had come to America to model clothes and only decided to race at the last moment—and sailed down the course 1.3 seconds ahead of Miss Saubert. Since Germans, even pretty ones, are not eligible for U.S. national ski championships, Miss Saubert was the winner—kind of. Nancy Greene, a Canadian who is eligible for U.S. ski championships by some decree that also includes Japanese—while omitting Germans, Swiss and Laplanders—was third. The timer fouled up here, too, and for a while Linda Meyers of Mammoth Lakes, Calif. was believed to be the winner. "Not so," said Barby Henne-

continued



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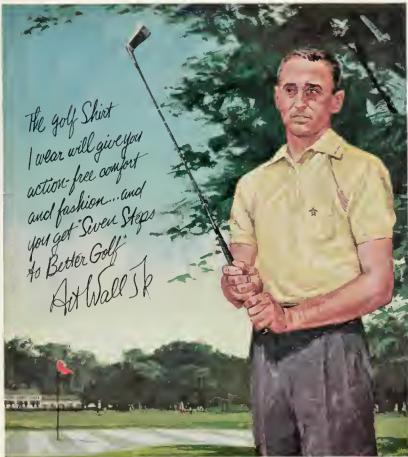
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SKIING

course, driving on toward the furiously spinning second hand at the bottom. When he crossed the finish line, the second hand had stopped at \$9.2, the total was 1:56.8, and Buddy Werner was runner-up again.

"Great race, Chuck," Werner said.
"About time," Ferries said.

Even on one ski

Miss Henneberger's victory was easier only because Jean Saubert fell. Three gates from the bottom, the Oregon State junior hooked a tip, spun around and hit the packed snow, very hard. Both of her release bindings popped and she came out of her skis. She could have won the combined championship merely by sliding across the line. "I would have tried it even on one ski," she said later, "but I didn't have any skis left." So she grinned and walked down to congratulate Barbi. Second place—and the American title—went to Sandra Shellworth, one of three female members of Bob Beattie's Colorado ski team, a tall (5 feet 7½) 18-year-old whose father is the mayor of Boise, Idaho. Eleanor Bennett of St. Regis, Mont. finished third.

Werner won the combined championship, with Ferries second and Jim Gaddis third, Favre being ineligible. Heuga was fourth overall. With Miss Henneberger ineligible and Miss Saubert disqualified in one race, the women's national combined champion proved to be Starr Walton. Nancy Greene was second, and Linda Meyers third.

From such names as these—Werner, Ferries, Saubert, Heuga, Marolt—all come the teams, eight men and six women to be selected in June, that will represent the U.S. in Innsbruck next year. It will be a good team, the best America has seen, and maybe this time there will be medals in the Alps.

But now the season was over and everyone piled on planes for home. As for the Alaskans, they drove back down the bumpy road away from Mt. Alyeska, remembering to turn right on Seward Highway toward Anchorage instead of left toward the glacier. And as they drove along, it was high tide on Turnagain Arm and the mountains danced before them, twins, one upside down. And on the mountains there were skiers. Some of these were upside down, too. The Alaskans nudged each other and nodded. That, they had discovered, was how ski racing went.

END

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The human fish acquires a brighter, tougher skin

A new protective coating adds a dash of color to the scuba diver's traditional drab black neoprene suit

Long, long ago, when man first ventured into water, where fish already lived comfortably, he did so reluctantly—a floundering, shivering, thin-skinned misfit. All this has changed, of course, in recent years. Today almost everywhere that fish swim—on the reefs, in lakes and caves and under ice floes—there are also people. Whether he is cavorting among coral heads or under ice, sheathed in a snug suit of foam neoprene to conserve body heat, the human scuba fish moves about as comfortably as any of the lesser fish.

The picture on the opposite page portrays the latest step in the evolution of the scuba species. In the past both males and females were sinister-looking creatures, clothed in black, but this year, thanks to a somewhat accidental discovery of the Voit Rubber Company, scuba divers will be wearing the spangled colors of tropical fish. The original neoprene "wet suits" (as they are commonly called) were uniformly black for a reason: no one had found a satisfactory way to put color into the material without sacrificing durability. The jet-black suits of past years kept the diver warm enough but, psychologically speaking, they had a chilling effect. The vision of creatures clad in inner-tube black disappearing into the sea gave the sport an aura of desperate adventure.

The cheerful splash of color in Voit's new line is a byproduct of several years' work on a more practical problem. Even the most durable black neoprene suffers deterioration from exposure to air, particularly smoggy air with a high ozone content. In solving this problem, Voit came up with a protective coating that not only minimized the exposure of foam neoprene to air but also proved equally durable either black or colored. Although the coating increases the life of the foam material considerably, it does not pro-

tect the material from the inevitable rough punishment of barnacled rock and coral, so the new, colorful suits still need a good deal of loving care. The added protection and color come at a price—a man's nylon-lined full suit, for example, complete with headpiece, hoods and gloves, costs \$79.50, about \$12 more than the usual price for an uncoated black suit.

It is a smart step forward, but one that Voit is taking cautiously. The brightest colors in the Voit line are the three warm tones shown in the picture opposite, and for the present these tones are used only in short-sleeved jackets designed for casual summertime dabbles and for water skiers, surfers and sailors (about half the wet suit jackets sold today are bought by assorted water-lovers who do little or no diving). As might be expected, the new Voit line has provoked claims from the grimmer segment of the diving corps that snappy colors will attract sharks. This is crediting sharks with more talent than they have. The experts who have studied shark behavior and have picked apart the small brains and sensory organs of large sharks know that, although very sensitive to light, the shark is insensitive to color. The shark is myopic and color-blind. Quite simply, it cannot see red. Weighed against the rather hollow fear of luring sharks is the fact that a diver wearing anything brighter than black can be seen better by his diving buddies—a considerable advantage.

In any case, the new Voit line includes traditional black and mottled green and blue "sea fern" patterns, as well as warmer tones. Thus the diver has the option of blending into the underwater scenery or adding color to it—a freedom of choice that very few of the lesser fish enjoy after many millions of years of patient evolution.

AS RON KEMP WATCHES, GORIS YOUNG AND BEN HOLDERNESS EXPLORE A BAHAMIAN REEF

Clive G. Brown





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About once a decade hordes of brilliant young billygoats come off the farms in a swarm and score the daylights out of the tired old baseball journeymen. This looks like one of those years



Rookies, rookies everywhere, and even JFK is talking

If 1961 was the year of the home run, and 1962 the year of the malfunctioning index finger, 1963 may well be the year of the rookie. Everybody is excited. Why, just the other day President Kennedy asked Washington's George Selkirk: "How about that Maryland boy?"

"Mr. President," Selkirk says he said, "he's been just wonderful and definitely will be at first base for us when we open this season."

The "Maryland boy" happens to be Tom Brown, a swift young man who just last fall was making a name for himself by running back punts and kickoffs at the University of Maryland. Not that major league scouts are especially interested in runbacks, but Tom Brown also managed to hit college pitching for a .449 average last year, and that was good enough for a \$20,000 bonus from the Senators.

A 22-year-old outfielder-first baseman, Brown was scheduled for some minor league honing. "You may find Double-A ball a little fast," Senator Manager Mackey Vernon told him early this year. But in spring training, Vernon used the

switch-hitting Brown on first, and the rookie hit better than anyone else on the team (.312) and fielded his position with more flair and agility than any other first baseman in Florida. At 6 feet and 183 pounds, Brown runs with half-back speed and uses the drag bunt with great effectiveness. "But I feel he may have to develop a more aggressive swing to be a power hitter," says Joe Branzell, the Washington scout who signed Brown.

Pittsburgh's answer to anybody's rookie is Bob Bailey (above), the third baseman who just two years ago was shuffling at the high school prom. If one were to believe Bailey's press clippings, he would enter the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown by midseason. At 20, Bailey could retire on the \$175,000 bonus he got from the Pirates. "I saw him in the minors [Columbus] last year," says Yankee Scout Johnny Neun, "and my report on him was, 'one of the finest right-handed batters I've seen come to the majors. And he has a good glove.'"

Such words must have been very reassuring for the Pirates, especially after Bailey's first season in the minors two

years ago. Pirate officials took a look at his record and nearly had heart failure: batting average .220 and 27 errors in 71 games at shortstop. But he moved to third, learned about a curve ball, and the Pirates are waiting.

Cleveland's rookie Vic Davalillo looks like a mistake. He's a tiny fellow (5 feet 7, 147 pounds), his cheeks are hollow, his eyes are deep-set and his hat rests on his protruding ears. Take a look at his record and you discover the mistake goes the other way. By trade Davalillo is a left-handed pitcher, and he spent four minor league years trying to prove it. But last year the little Venezuelan turned outfielder and everyone laughed—right up to the time opposing pitchers let go of the ball. Standing with his back foot planted far away from the plate, he whaled away at International League pitching to the tune of .346 with 296 total bases.

Davalillo not only is a line hitter, he is a wildly exciting center fielder, a position that he plays with unabashed enthusiasm. Very fast (he beat Matty Alou in a 100-meter match race), Davalillo

continues

gets a quick start on any ball hit his way. If the Venezuelan center fielder has a weakness, it is going back on fly balls. "I like to run in," he says, frowning at his Spanish-English dictionary.

At the beginning of last season the Cincinnati Reds were figured for dead when Third Baseman Gene Freese broke his ankle on a grim March day. This year Freese is still a question, but nobody around Fountain Square seems to care. Coming to the varsity is Tommy Harper, a quiet young fellow of 22 for whom the horns have been blowing long and loud this past winter. A lot of fans have been led to believe the swift right-handed hitter is the rookie of the season. Last year Harper had a high old time in the Pacific Coast League. He hit .333, led the league in runs and walks, and chipped in 26 home runs. He also struck out 207 times in his two full minor league seasons. "He takes too many third strikes," says Red Manager Freddie Hutchinson, "but I'll tell you something: he'll play for my team." And the

reason he will play is partly because of his defensive capabilities. But even in the field Harper poses a problem—a very nice one. Quick as a mongoose and owning an extremely strong throwing arm, he has all the requisites of a third baseman, but his range in the outfield ranks with that of Vada Pinson. Problem: Where to play him? Other managers wish they had such problems.

If ever there was a bumper crop of rookie third basemen, this is it. The White Sox's Pete Ward may be the worst-fielding and best-hitting of the lot. It was the lefty-hitting infielder who touched off the most significant trade of the winter. The White Sox gave the Orioles Luis Aparicio, Al Smith and Dean Stone for Ward, Dave Nicholson, Ron Hansen and Hoyt Wilhelm. "But Ward was the key player in the trade for us," says White Sox Manager Al Lopez.

"Ward was the key player," echoes Baltimore General Manager Lee MacPhail. "We hated to let him go." Son of one of the roughest hockey players of

his day (Jim Ward, who played wing for the Montreal Maroons 25 years ago), young Peter is a swashbuckling chip off the old blockbuster. Four times so far he has been fined for violating rules or for basic indiscretions. He has trouble with plane schedules and umpires. And he can find any number of ways to maltreat a ground ball. But the White Sox won't care a bit if Ward just follows his minor-league hitting form. Last year he hit Triple-A pitching for a .328 average.

A great ploy for the Los Angeles Dodgers is to bring some agile young man to spring camp and tell him the second-base job is all his. Then when the dust has settled the job is not his at all. It is old Junior Gilliam's. But this year the Dodgers swear they have found the one. He is Nate Oliver, known as Pee Wee, a slight young rookie with tremendous speed (second only to Willie Davis on the varsity), good reflexes, a fine batting eye and a beautiful baritone voice—all necessary to make it beg with the Dodgers. Junior Gilliam, look out. **END**



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In Mexico, Paco Camino is hailed as 'Número Uno'

A 21-year-old Spanish matador sets the El Toreo ring aflame with muleta passes that the critics call better than those of Manolete



CAMINO COMPLETES SUPERB 'NATURAL' PASS IN HIS 'FAENA' WITH BULL TRAGUITO

Billing second-rate local talent with a ranking Spanish matador usually is financial folly in Mexico's principal bull rings. Mexicans don't like to see smugly superior Europeans showing up their own countrymen. But on Sunday, March 31, 26,000 paying customers crowded into Mexico City's colorful Plaza El Toreo as Juan Silvestre and Jose Ramon Tirado, both decidedly mediocre practitioners, strode humbly into the ring flanking a slight, baby-faced young Spaniard named Paco Camino. Native pride was not at issue. The left-handed artistry of the 21-year-old Camino was, after a spectacular winter season on this side of the Atlantic, he had come to be regarded by some Mexican critics as the greatest *torero* of our day. By the time Camino had killed his second bull, all of Mexico's aficionados agreed with

them: Paco Camino is "Número Uno."

The son of a *banderillero*, Paco Camino was only 18 when he took his *alternativa*, after a short but intense apprenticeship. His first year as a matador, 1960, was a spectacular one and his monumental fights with another first-year matador named El Viti were considered by many critics to be of a higher standard than the famous *muerte a muerte* between Domínguez and Ordoñez.

Since then, Camino has killed 558 bulls, most of them sensationally. Five times the bulls have nearly killed Paco, and two years ago in Bilbao a horn ripped open his femoral artery. He was expected to die, but recovered and emphatically passed the most severe test any matador has to face—fighting bulls skillfully after serious injury.

Although he came to Mexico in No-

vember, it was just a few weeks ago, on March 21, in Guadalajara, that the country really began to buzz over Camino. The matadors, along with Paco, were two top Mexicans: Manuel Capetillo and Joseito Huerta, and another Spaniard, Joaquin Bernardo. Eight bulls were killed in the *corrida*, but only the two of Camino were remembered. "We were the privileged ones in seeing Camino at his best," bragged one Guadalajara critic.

Then, on March 27, in a night fight at El Toreo in Mexico City, Camino perhaps surpassed his previous performance although the bulls were bad. "The worst in many seasons," said a critic. But if critics were unkind to the bulls, they were lavish in their praise for Camino. "The new Manolete," said one. "Clear the way for the new king of the bullfighters," said another, and a third observed that it would be "impossible to see Camino again as good as he was last Wednesday."

The critics were wrong. Camino would be better.

Picked for the March 31st *corrida* were six "*toros bravos*" (bulls of two colors, in this case black and white) of the so-so ranch of Santo Domingo. With them, Camino did things that have never before been done in a Mexican ring.

Camino first confronted a 1,025-pound bull named Gladiador. Without even waiting for his *peones* to take the frantic early rushes, Camino met the bull straight off—the kind of razzle-dazzle highly appreciated in Mexican arenas. Gladiador stopped dead in his tracks, surprised no doubt by the audacity of the bullfighter. A chatterbox in the ring, Camino carried on a running conversation with Gladiador and was finally rewarded with a vicious charge. Camino gently arched his body back into a bow and stood stark still as Gladiador roared by. Paco followed with three slow, slow *verónicas*, and after the piece took over with the muleta.

It is with the muleta that modern matadores make their reputations and Camino's *faena* was excellent. He took Gladiador where he pleased, and after the first series had the bull charging straight. Once he had the bull coming on the way he was bred to do, Camino gave a breathtaking series of *desorebas* and *naturales*. Two of these *naturales*

continued



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BULLFIGHTING

seemed to last an eternity, so slowly and delicately did Camino bring the bull past his body. No other bullfighter—not Belmonte, not Joselito, not Manolete, not Ordóñez—has ever done these passes with such stunning effect.

And herein lies Camino's genius. Always the great matadors have brought something new to the *corrida*, an invention or the perfection of an earlier style. Paco Camino has brought a left hand that gives the famous *natural* a whole new dimension.

Camino killed Gladiador with the classic *volapié*, and he was awarded both ears. In his two triumphal rounds of the ring, hats, coats, purses and selected feminine wear were thrown to him in tribute. But even then, the more conservative critics were reserving judgment until Camino had a go at his second bull, an animal named Traguito. Camino received him with six slow *verónicas*, and then ran off a series of dazzling *traviesas*. On one of these the tip of the horn removed a piece of golden embroidery from Camino's *traje de luces*.

Since this was to be the last bull of the season, the band struck up the traditional farewell song, *Las Golondrinas*. The gesture was premature. Traguito was still a dangerous animal. Ignoring the muleta, the bull was hooking purposefully at Camino, and here too the young Spaniard showed his extraordinary talent. To fight a fine bull with skill is commendable. To fight a dangerously hooking bull with skill is greatness. Camino soon had the surly old Traguito following the muleta like a lap dog chasing a rubber ball. The matador was in command, and once again he changed to his left hand, bringing the already excited crowd to its feet. "Not even Manolete did this," said one aficionado.

"Don't you dare mention Manolete," answered another.

"I will mention Manolete and your mother and mine," said the first.

Camino proceeded to do six *mataos* in a row, drawing the bull in a circle around him.

"Now what do you say?" said the first aficionado.

"Mention Manolete, mention Belmonte, mention my mother, too, if you want."

Paco Camino killed Traguito with one thrust. Ears, tail—everything went. Camino had closed a season and opened an era.

END



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A heretic with great expectations

By streaking comfortably to a startling 150.501-mph lap at the Indianapolis Speedway—second-fastest tour ever—a sleek Ford-powered, English-built racer has posed the biggest threat yet to Offenheuser orthodoxy

To certain irreverent people, the orthodox Indianapolis "500" racing car is a dinosaur. Though it has ruled Indy for a decade, the Offenheuser-engined, solid-axle roadster is away behind the times, they say, and headed for certain extinction.

A startling event the other day seemed to prove the heretics right. With eight exhaust stacks pointing impudently skyward, a small, rear-engined, independently sprung racer whistled around the 2½-mile Indianapolis Motor Speedway at a speed of 150.501 mph. It was the fastest lap save one ever reported at Indy. The fastest, turned in qualifying trials last year by Rufus Parnell Jones in a conventional Offy roadster, was the merest touch quicker. 150.729 mph.

All sorts of remarkable things surround the pagan intruder. It was driven not by a "500" veteran but by the American road racer Dan Gurney, who drove

his first "500" only last year. There had been much experimenting with tires and gear ratios; the 150-mph lap was but one of three in which Gurney was trying for real speed during a six-lap practice test for one of those tire-and-gear combinations. Gurney was already on the following lap and backing off the throttle, preparing to come in, when the pits signaled his 150 mph. Thus the racer appeared not to have been fully extended. Moreover, the track was innocent of the speed-enhancing rubber that will be laid down by the full Indy field next month when official practice begins. "Basically," said the tall, handsome Gurney, who is given to understatement, "we are in very good shape."

The car is a joint work of the Ford Motor Company and Britain's Colin Chapman, builder of the famous Lotus racing cars. Gurney ignited the collaboration last year. A patriot, he thought

the "500" a logical event for American V-8 power (and indeed catch-drove a Buick-engined V-8 for the California speed merchant, Mackey Thompson, in 1962). A believer in the European design principles which now govern Grand Prix cars, he saw Chapman as "the No. 1 design brain in racing, a creative genius."

Ford has handcrafted a lightweight aluminum engine to Indy's 4.2-liter maximum displacement to power a typically frameless, superlight, rocket-slim Chapman chassis. The engine weighs only 350 pounds. It develops one hp per pound and is believed to be the first racing engine to reach that peak of efficiency. Unlike the four-cylinder Offenheusers, it is neither fuel-injected nor fitted with overhead racing camshafts, nor does it burn racing alcohol. Four twin-throat Italian Weber carburetors are used rather than direct injection. As in most passenger car engines, valves are

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BRIDGE / Walter Bingham

A very big deal at the ladies' bridge club

When the most improbable bridge hand of all turns up in a ladies' game at Kankakee, it moves experts to offer some surprising advice on how to bid with 13 of a suit

Bridge, as played by the ladies of Kankakee, Ill. (see page 34), is really just an excuse to get together and chat awhile. "We're more of a social club," says Ethel Hay. "We put a quarrier on the corner of the table, winner take all." The game is relaxed. The ladies will lead 10s from queen-jack-10s and pass demand bids that shouldn't have been demand bids in the first place. At the end of each evening, 11 o'clock usually, they sip tea and perhaps nibble on some of Miss Grace Gilliland's good fudge. It has been going on that way for years.

But late last month the tranquility of the ladies' bridge group was disrupted. The first hand was ordinary enough. Ethel Hay and Arlene Wagner were set three tracks by Betty Lehman and Irene Sellers. Then, on the next hand, all four ladies picked up hands containing 13 cards of a suit. The odds against a person holding an entire suit are long—158-753,389,899 to 1—but the odds against all four players getting such a hand are staggering: 2,235,197,806,895,366,368-301,559,991 to 1.

When Mrs. Hay realized she held 13 spades, she murmured, "I think something's wrong," and then in a very matter-of-fact way bid seven spades. That began and ended the bidding. There was no play. All four ladies laid down their hands and it was half an hour before the next hand was dealt. Miss Gilliland, the hostess that evening, phoned the society editor of the *Kankakee Daily Journal* and told her the news. "If it had been a group of yakety-yak females I might have doubted the story," the editor said

later. "But these ladies are the backbone of Kankakee."

Most bridge experts are more cynical, however. Reports of such hands far outnumber the mathematical probabilities and skulduggery is usually suspected. Perhaps one of the ladies stacked the deck. Absolutely not, they protest. "The deal followed a legitimate shuffle and cut," says Ethel Hay, and there is no doubt that she and her friends are women of integrity. Perhaps some outsider, an 18-year-old nephew, say, slipped a stacked deck onto the table just before the cut. A cut does not change the even distribution of suits. It only affects which person gets which suit. But the ladies say there was no nephew, grandson or anyone else present other than themselves.

A nonshuffle shuffle?

There is, however, one explanation for the fantastic hand. It occurred on the second deal of the evening and, since new cards were being used, this was the first deal for this particular deck (which the ladies have since separated into the four suits, a rubber hand around each, and retired for display only). New decks of cards are generally arranged in suits, so that two perfect shuffles—the cards divided into two equal piles and shuffled so that they meld alternately—will produce the clean split of suits that the ladies of Kankakee experienced. Admittedly, the odds are against a perfect shuffle, but not nearly as great as they are against a perfect deal after the cards have been thoroughly mixed.

While no bridge player can reason-

ably expect to hold 13 cards of a suit, it is interesting to contemplate such a hand and the proper way to bid it. It is not as simple as it seems. Ethel Hay was fortunate that her opponents also held entire suits. They had no profitable way of escaping the spade grand slam. But in cases where only one player holds an entire suit, he can lose the bid if he is not cautious, even if his suit is spades. Suppose South picks up 13 spades and promptly bids seven spades. If West happens to hold a strong hand, say 17 points in high cards, he is apt to suspect that South has all the spades. His own void in spades will increase the suspicion. If West has courage, he will bid seven no trump. This places the opening lead in North's hand and renders South's 13 spades worthless. Seven no trump probably will be set a few tricks, but the loss will not hurt nearly as much as a grand slam by the opponents. Note that if West passes, East cannot possibly bid seven no trump, for this would give South and his 13 spades the opening lead, a prospect too horrible to discuss.

Should you ever hold 13 cards in one suit, especially a minor suit, an opening bid of one is perhaps the soundest, according to the game's experts. It is important to disguise the nature of your hand from your opponents in case they have strength, so that your eventual bid of seven will seem like a sacrifice. There is no danger of having your one-bid passed out. Indeed, the bidding is apt to be more spirited than usual. Your 13-card suit removes only 10 of the 40 high-card points in the deck and creates a void worth three points in each of the other three hands. So the bidding is bound to progress toward slam, and if you take your time your seven-bid is apt to be doubled. If so, do not redouble. A wily opponent will catch on and sacrifice in his own suit.

Of course this is all conjecture, for you can bet you will never hold 13 cards in one suit. Or can you? Less than a week after the Kankakee hedge game, four ladies in Greybull, Wyo., sat down for their weekly hedge game and on the very first hand . . .

END



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It is harder to explain a marathon than to run one. I rediscover this each year as I get ready for the Boston Marathon, which is to American road runners what the Masters is to golfers, or what Wimbledon used to be to tennis players. And I realize anew, almost with the startling suddenness of a crocus or snowdrop announcing spring's verdant competitions that, much as I love my sport, it is somewhat weird. Who but an idiot would race 26 tortured miles plus 385 yards for the dubious distinction of finishing 38th? Well, a scholar would. Of the 200 or so runners who will be at the starting line at noon on April 19 (which is Patriots' Day, a holiday in Massachusetts) about 25 will have won their master's or doctor's degree.

The Boston Marathon is relentlessly amateur. No one gets anything but glory from the race, and who is responsible for keeping it pure? A professional sports figure—Walter Brown, owner of the Boston Bruins and Celtics—and his father before him have been carrying the race for 50 years, unchanged and uncommercialized.

I said glory. Glory? I exaggerate. A third of a million politely applauding New Englanders will line the course and the race will be reported in Boston and throughout the rest of the world except, of course, in the U.S., where a junior high potato-sack race commands more editorial attention.

The list of paradoxes in distance running is long. It is reasonable, I suppose, that Americans should be amused by the sport. I am not sure, however, that most of his

fellow-men should consider it their bounden duty to taunt the road racer whenever he trots over the horizon. They do, though, and the distance runner in America has become almost inured to the kidding, gentle or otherwise, that he has had to endure in piling up hundreds and even thousands of miles in training in order to compete successfully in a race like the Boston Marathon. Let the marathon runner clad in sweat clothes step out onto a golf course or a park sidewalk, and some comedian will roll down a car window to shout an Arany cadence: "Hup, two, three, four." This is a hilarious joke, at least as funny as the one that breaks up photographers: "Her face will break your camera."

The runner plies on. People turn to stare and children, who have a legitimate reason for being in the park without golf club in hand, ask questions. "Hey, you a runner?" No, I'm a well-conditioned purse-snatcher, you think, but you answer respectfully. "Are you training for that track meet?" asks another (meaning the Pan American Games), and you answer, yes, even though you are not good enough to make the team.

"Are youse guys boxers?" a couple of tough-looking slam broads asked Lawson Lamb and me once as we ran together in Chicago's Washington Park. (You would be amused—or would you?—at the number of people who consider it more worthy to train for a fight than a road race.) Sure, we replied, afraid they might smash us if we admitted being only trackmen. Lately a new question has been added: "Hey, you running 50 miles?" The New From-

ON THE RUN FROM DOGS



tier has made even the marathon almost respectable.

Occasionally you do run into a comment that is actually funny. Ted Corbitt, a distance man from The Bronx, runs to the subway on his way to work as part of his training program. One day a guy said to his friend as Corbitt jogged by, "Man, that cat's late *every* morning."

Long-distance runners don't fear children or even slam broods, because their teeth aren't sharp—at least, not very sharp. Dogs are another matter. "Only two things bother me when I'm running in Central Park," New York's Peter McArdle once told me. "Dogs and policemen." I don't know about policemen, but at one point or another all marathoners come to hate dogs—especially big, sleek, fast dogs. Dogs distrust anyone who has two legs and runs. They reason, perhaps like their masters, that the runner must be fleeing from someone or something. They're right, too—he's escaping the dogs.

While in the Army and training over in Germany one year, a German shepherd dog chomped through three layers of clothing and put me out of commission for a week. He came padding up behind me, his tail wagging, and I suspected nothing sinister until he struck. After his teeth sank in I knew how the French had felt about Alsace-Lorraine. Back in Chicago a few years later, another dog ran a good 200 yards across a park lawn to knock me down, thereby twisting my knee. He could have finished me off if he was hungry. I was in the 14th mile of a hard workout and in no mood to bite back. Still another hound chased

over the frozen ice of a pond one winter with my behind in his sights, but I thwarted him by climbing a children's slide. I must have looked heroic. Fred Wilt used to carry a club in one hand while running through the park to beat off dogs (and presumably policemen), but I'm not as aggressive as Fred. Maybe that's why I never made an Olympic team. Nowadays when I sniff dog flesh I retreat in the other direction.

Another more insidious hazard is the cocktail party—not the cocktails, but the people who drink them. "Don't tell me you're still running," chortles the husband of a schoolmate of my wife while munching on hors d'oeuvres.

"Don't tell me you're still feeding your gut," I think, but don't say so, because I possess more tact than courage.

Almost as dangerous is the old friend who has long since accepted your hobby but in a gathering of strangers forgets that others may not possess an equally liberal mind. "I saw you running in the park the other night," he says with a friendly smile.

Clear across the room it is as though the strap holding Jayne Mansfield's evening gown had just snapped. "My husband runs the marathon," my wife explains. She might just as well have told them I was a Buddhist priest. A dozen tongues click and the women look with sympathy at my wife. Having a husband who is a marathon runner seems infinitely worse than one who is an alcoholic or a mere adulterer.

After facing the menacing fangs of dogs in the parks and

Corbitt

AND PEOPLE

Hounds, kids and, in Boston, 300,000 spectators gather to watch and sometimes harass long-distance men who might prefer to be lonely **by HAL HIGDON**



Illustration © John Hutchinson

the equally menacing fangs of Martini sippers at parties, it thus comes as quite a relief to the runner to be able to shed his clothes and compete in a race where, if not adjudged completely insane, he at least is considered only moderately odd. Such a race is the marathon.

The race owes its existence to a Greek courier named Pheidippides, who in 490 B.C. ran from the plains of Marathon to Athens to announce the Athenian victory over an invading Persian army. "Rejoice, we conquer," he gasped, dropping dead and thereby doing irreparable damage to the Greek image of physical fitness. With the Olympic revival in 1896, a Greek shepherd named Spiridon Louis wandered down out of the hills to win the gold medal in a race following the approximate path of Pheidippides.

But neither Pheidippides nor Louis ran the present distance of the marathon. Poor out-of-shape Pheidippides covered a mere 22 miles and 1,500 yards and Louis' route was about 25 miles. When the Olympics came to London in 1908 the British moved the starting line back to Windsor Castle so the royal family could watch the start of the race from their royal balcony. Windsor Castle just happened to be 26 miles and 385 yards away from where the race would end in the Olympic stadium. Britain no longer sets the standards for the world, but on this point she prevailed. Now, whenever a present-day marathoner slogs footsore past the 25-mile mark he always mutters under his breath, "God save the Queen" (or words to that effect).

Impressed with the 1896 Olympic race, Boston Athletic Association Team Manager John Graham imported the marathon to the U.S. in the following year. Fifteen runners appeared at the start, and any distance runner in this country who has ever amounted to anything has either consciously or subconsciously yearned to come home first in Boston ever since.

What can attract so large a group of intelligent men to so materially unrewarding an experience? (The modest prizes include trophies for the first 10 finishers and medals for the next 25.) John Gray, a schoolteacher from Walpole, Mass., sent out a questionnaire to 100 runners and received 66 replies. Among other things he discovered that the average marathoner had run about 2,000 miles the past year. The lowest total reported was 230 miles, the highest Mike O'Hara's 5,100. The average respondent had raced the full marathon distance 14 times, five of them in Boston. O'Hara finished 100 races, a record. On the average, the marathoner was 32 years old, figured he would run for another 19 years, with Nat Cirulnick stating flatly, "I intend to compete for 58 more years, until I'm 90."

Statistics don't mean much, of course. The runner's own words express the real appeal of marathoning better. Dr. Leon Kruger, a 41-year-old pediatrician and a far-back finisher in Boston, told Gray, "Running makes me feel different from men who don't run. I'm more conscious of living rather than just existing."

Sam Ouellette, a 58-year-old janitor from Maine, has

finished in Boston 18 times and has three sons who have finished a total of 13 times in a great demonstration of marathoning togetherness. Sam says, "I've never been told I was too old or not good enough, like they say in team sports. If a person wants to stay young, compete the year around."

Pete Barkman, a University of Hartford honor student, writes, "As I was dressing for the marathon, I tried to think of any other sport in which a beginner could find himself dressing alongside the world's leading performers."

Don Fay, a young executive, advises aspiring runners, "Don't be afraid of public opinion. Most adverse comment is just jealousy anyway."

Tom Osler, a graduate math student at NYU, says, "Writers should not describe marathoners as 'a clan of masochistic idiots.' A well-trained runner experiences very little pain, even during an all-out effort."

Ken Joseph, a 40-year-old MIT alumnus and a marathoning buddy of Gray's, says, "I even enjoy shoveling snow now that I've started running again. I know I'm not going to drop dead, and I can laugh at the fellows in the office with their gimmicky \$150 snow blowers."

And then there was Clarence DeMar. Mr. DeMarathon, somebody once called him, and the punster should be forgiven his trespass for DeMar was wonderful. A seven-time winner of the Boston Marathon, starting in 1911, he was still in the first 10 in the '30s, 17th in 1943, and even in the '50s a young runner had to train thousands of miles to beat him. DeMar ran races right up to within a year of his death at 70 (from cancer, not from the "bad heart" he was told he had in 1912).

DeMar's great tradition, including that of pleasing the crowd, is carried on by Old John Kelley. The safest bet about the Boston Marathon is that, whoever wins the race, John will receive and deserve far greater applause. Now 55, Kelley—who was running this race in the late '20s—needs only a hot day on April 19th to be a real threat for the first 10. Last year in cold weather he was only 23rd, but a month later in the national championship in Yonkers he came up with the least recognized performance of the year in any sport when he finished a brilliant fourth in a strong field of 80. A younger runner, expected to be a future champion, matched strides with Kelley for 25 miles over the hilly and extremely demanding course, then staggered to the curb, embraced a telephone pole and nearly collapsed. The old man sped swiftly on—at about 5:15 per mile, a pace that most untrained young men would have trouble keeping for even half a mile.

The youthfulness and the accompanying joy in life of the marathoner is one of the charms of his sport. For once the spectator sees man scoring a victory over Father Time. A temporary victory, admittedly, but a highly dramatic one nevertheless. Where else can you watch an athlete who

is better today than he was in 1928 as a 20-year-old?

At one time most of the competitors in the Boston Marathon were local products. Today they come from almost anywhere on earth, from such diverse places as Guatemala, Japan, Finland, Ethiopia and Little Rock, Ark. Many of these out-of-towners stay at the Hotel Lenox, a middle-aged mausoleum that, since the old athletic club across the street gave way to urban renewal a few years ago, has become both the headquarters of the race and a place of solace for those who go the distance. In front of the Lenox a yellow line has been painted on the street with the word "finish" written behind it. Since only once in the past 17 years has a native-born American won the Boston Marathon, the yellow line in effect has been decided to foreign runners—such as Finland's Eino Oksanen, Paavo Nurmi and Veikko Karvonen, who have won in the past, and Ethiopia's Abebe Bikila, the 1960 Olympic champion, who is entered this year. Abebe has never lost a marathon.

No one can claim to have really eaten breakfast until he has broken fast in the coffee shop of the Hotel Lenox on the morning of the Boston Marathon. The committee on food faddism of the American Medical Association should someday look into what goes on there. Runners sit around grouchy at booths and tables sprinkling sunflower seeds into their oatmeal, swigging wheat germ and sipping Sustagen, a kind of nourishment they give to old ladies dying in the hospital. All year long waitresses at the Lenox get standard orders for waffles and coffee. Comes the day of the Boston Marathon, however, and the dialogue goes something like this:

"What would you like for breakfast, sir?"

"Two salt tablets and a glass of orange juice."

But the Lenox waitresses apparently are attuned to the whims of road runners. Two minutes later one will appear with the orange juice and two pills on a silver platter: "Do you want them mixed, sir?"

There is a ritual to the pre-race preparations that is every bit as unusual as the race itself. It begins with a bus ride on the morning of the big day. The better runners usually get chaperoned in cars and by friends to the starting line 26 miles away in Hopkinton, but the rank and file—those who will be lucky to go the distance in three hours—usually take the bus that leaves from in front of the Lenox at 8:30 in the morning. The sponsoring Boston Athletic Association hires one or two shock-absorberless machines that on normal days do nothing more exciting than carry lunch-clutching children to their local grammar school. On Patriots' Day these buses take on an extra aura of glamour—and the dank smell of sweat. Runners board the bus clad in street clothes, in warmup suits and sometimes in nothing more than the shirt and shorts they will wear from start to finish. Not burdened with the nervousness of those who run for records, the road runners converse freely about the race to come and all past marathon races in which they have competed. Some have been



riding the bus from the Lenox to Hopkinton for years.

"Remember Turzan Brown?" chuckles one oldtimer, recalling the Rhode Island Indian who won the Boston Marathon twice, in 1936 and 1939. Others nod in instant recognition. "Back in 1937 it was so hot he went for a swim in Lake Cochituate. It felt so good he decided not to get out." The oldtimers laugh at the familiar story, as though acting out a part in some passion play. In the back of the bus newcomers sit in awed silence.

Someone tells the story of Tom Longboat, an Onondaga Indian from Ontario, who in 1907 surprised the other runners by suddenly springing ahead early in the race. He arrived at a railroad crossing just ahead of a long freight train. It delayed his opponents long enough to guarantee his easy victory—if there ever is easy victory in the marathon. "At the Yonkers Marathon years ago," an anecdotalist informs the crowd, "they used to run the last lap around the racetrack. The race starts at noon, you know. They close the track up, and along about 10 or 12 that night this member of the Yonkers Fire Department shows up still trotting. He had to climb over the fence to finish. He had a bet with his buddies."

continued

The marathoners continue to dwell on late finishers: "Ted Vogel came running onto the track in the 1948 Olympic marathon just as they were presenting the awards. The national anthem of the winner's country was playing. Instead of continuing running he stops on the track and stands at attention."

"That's what I call sportsmanship," volunteered one.

"Yeah?" said a cynic in the crowd. "How many other runners passed him?"

Some on the bus seem much concerned with the problems of being an also-ran. Cars are barred from the entire length of the Boston Marathon course during the race—at least as far as the front runners know. By the time most of those in the bus approach the finish line they will be threading through thick holiday traffic on Commonwealth Avenue. "I don't mind the traffic," says one marathoner. "The discouraging thing is when you get to the 15-mile mark and see a newsboy standing on the corner with the name of the winner in headlines."

About 45 minutes after leaving the Hotel Lenox, the marathoners' bus chugs past Marathon Farm and Marathon Rock. In years past, America's most prestigious road race used to start by this rock, second in New England historical importance only to Plymouth Rock. Foreign track statisticians, however, used to sneer at the fast times turned in on the Boston course—times that used to be entered in the record book of world athletics with an asterisk, like Roger Marris' 61st home run. "The course is short," snorted the foreigners.



"No," answered the sponsoring BAA. "The fast times are in part due to the prevailing wind that usually pushes the runners from behind."

"The course is short," countered the foreigners.

"Not necessarily," insisted the BAA. "Our course is a bit hilly. Since we run toward the sea, it is more downhill than up."

"The course is short," reiterated the foreigners, sounding like a well-worn 78-rpm record. About half a dozen years ago, to still their critics, BAA officials walked out

to Hopkinton, tape measures in hand, and remeasured their course. "The course is short," they admitted, their Yankee pride disintegrating. Mumbling something about expressway construction, they moved the starting line half a mile back from fabled Marathon Rock to a nondescript place in the middle of the highway where there isn't even a gas station.

Marathoners must report for a physical at 10 at the Hopkinton high school gym. The bus from the Lenox arrives a little before that hour. Soon the gym bursts with athletes in various states of dress and undress, rubbing liniment into their legs, taping toes to prevent blisters and socializing with all the amability of delegates at a Lions convention. But nobody at a respectable Lions convention would be caught drinking honey.

The physical itself consists of stepping on a scale, having your heart listened to and pulse taken by a physician. It is the kind of examination that might catch a person in the advanced stages of coronary thrombosis. Yet a certain small number of otherwise sound athletes possess heart murmurs bearing no relationship either to their training or to their health but which cause them to live in constant fear of disqualification. In 1957 the examining doctors thumbed three runners out of the race, including Ted Corbitt, who was a member of the 1952 Olympic team, and Al Confalone, a 1959 U.S. Pan American Games entrant. They ran the race without numbers anyway and finished in the top 10. All survived the experience. Little things such as this cause the marathon runner to distrust medical expertise.

But the ritual proceeds. Having finished with the physical exam, the competitors dress in their running uniforms, pinning numbers front and back, then place their street clothes in a truck that will transport the clothes to the finish line. This provides an incentive to finish, since if they don't get to the finish line one way or another the runners have little chance of getting their clothes back. Marathoners then crowd back into the bus to be transported the half mile to the starting line. Some intrepid competitors who actually expect to finish jog to the start for a warmup, which seems like adding insult to injury.

At this point, most runners, if they have not already done so back in the gym, follow the call of nature. I always jog a couple of hundred yards down the highway to a gas station, which if not included in the current edition of *"Where to Go and What to Do in Hopkinton,"* should be. Usually an amiable gas station attendant directs me and others around the corner, past a grease rack and to a back room. He doesn't know any of our names, I am sure, but he must scan the pictures in the paper to see if any of his customers have achieved athletic immortality.

Back in the Hopkinton town square runners enter a bullpen, a snow-fence-lined area designed to protect them from autograph seekers, dogs, small children and voracious females. They mill around like happy cattle. Some already

continued



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1. "Danger always has the drop on you when you jump from a plane," writes Allen Charles, a friend of Canadian Club. "But when you leap arm-in-arm with a partner, as they do in France, it's double jeopardy all the way down. The idea is to stay right-side-up until it's time to open your chute. Then push away from your partner . . . and pray your chute won't tangle. A split-second error can spell disaster."

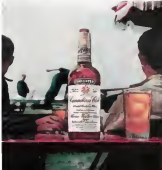


2. "We crawled out on the wing. It was slippery. The angry wind clawed at me, looking to spill me over. My every fiber urged me 'Go back!' But it was too late. I had to go through with it now."



3. "Desperately, I clung to my partner and down we went. An eternity passed as we fell. At last he yanked his chute ring. I shot by him like a rock. A year jinked off before my chute blossomed. What a relief!"

4. "Later, my friend invited me for a drink of his favorite whisky . . . and mine . . . Canadian Club!" Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.



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PENNSYLVANIA
ATHLETIC
PRODUCTS

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THE MARATHON *continued*

stand in their shorts, having sent their sweat suits packing by truck to the Hotel Lenox. Ten minutes before the start, officials check the runners out of the bullpen. Then they trot down the street and stand chattering in the middle of the highway. At noon the starting gun sounds.

The early pace is easy, almost luxurious compared to the slapdash start of a mile run indoors. A few morning stars flash briefly to the front, aware perhaps that photographers take pictures at two points in a race: at the start and at the finish. At the time of the finish they will be wobbling along somewhere in the vicinity of Boston College, which isn't even within spyglass range, so they might as well get their pictures in the paper at the start. Photographers and reporters sit on the back of a flatbed truck traveling just before the lead runners, their pencils poised, shutters cocked, looking for a grimace of pain, the attack of a dog, a meander of sympathy from the crowd, so it can be dutifully reported to 500,000 Boston readers.

The marathoners flow downhill out of Hopkinton in an antlike pack, slowly stretching apart as mile piles on mile like a gob of salt-water taffy at the seashore. As early as the mile mark, hopeful little boys stand by the roadside offering orange slices to the runners. "Gee, if only Johnny Kelley would eat my orange," they think, referring to the two-time Olympian, no relation to Old John, who graduated from Boston University and won the race in 1957. But it is too early for the lead runners to think of refreshment. A couple of plodders in the rear of the pack accept slices, thus making the boys' day a success. It is easy to imagine the Boston kids' conversations the day after the great marathon as they check the results in the paper:

"Hey, the guy who took my orange finished 26th."

"So who's bragging? I got seventh place!"

Refreshments in the form of water, juice, fruit slices and wet sponges are given regularly at the various checkpoints along the 26-mile route. The rate of consumption increases in direct proportion to the temperature. Nobody ever

continued

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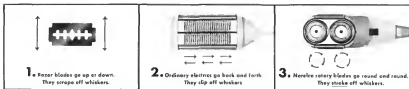
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THE MARATHON

saw Jim Beatty take a sip of water on the way to a 3.58 mile, but some replenishment of liquids seems to be necessary in a race of two and a half or more hours duration. Once while running in a 19 mile race sponsored by a veterans' post in Hamilton, Ont. I strode past a refreshment stand followed closely by several other runners. One grabbed for a cup poised on the edge of the stand. "Hey, bring that back!" barked an official at the runner plodding away, cup in hand. The runner discovered the reason for the official's concern when he sipped from the cup. It was filled with straight whiskey.

By the first five-mile checkpoint in Framingham, a dozen runners may still share the lead. You cannot declare a leader, although the pinstriped uniforms of the two Finnish runners are usually well in evidence along with the uncorroded insignia of the BAA worn by, among others, young John Kelley. "Go, John," yells the crowds, hopeful that he can stem the Finnish tide. Many members of the Finnish-American club that each year sponsors the expenses of the two athletes from Finland shout encouragement in their Finno-Ugric tongue. Japan has not sent a marathon team since 1959, but when it did, someone always seemed to be vaulting out of the crowd to wave a huge red-spot flag, which, considering the size of the Japanese, was usually big enough to cover both him and the runner. By the midway point a Wellesley College group of Bermuda-shorts-clad girls, standing, like Rhine River maidens by the side of the road, cheer the runners past. They seem to be willing to applaud anyone who is male.

Several miles beyond Wellesley, the Newton Hills begin, a series of reasonably short and relatively gentle slopes that nevertheless assume a vicious proportion when taken after an hour and a half of stiff running. The crowds have thinned by this point and the runners have thinned. "Go, Higdon," they cheer. At first you think they have wanted to cheer for you alone, then you realize they have simply matched your number with the list of entries in the morning paper. One year when I perhaps im-

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THE MARATHON *continued*

whisked to the second floor of the Hotel Lenox to ease their pains in comparative privacy.

"Why do you run marathons?" echoes the query.

"Because it feels so good when I stop," screams back the now obvious answer.

If you have finished in the upper places, someone will come by the cot on which you are reclining and maybe lay a medal across your chest, a tulip would be more appropriate. After showering and having their blisters lanced by the presiding surgeon, the Boston marathoners descend to a dining room for a delicious supper of Irish stew and all the milk and soft drinks they can drink. In terms of effort required to earn it, this may be the most expensive meal in the country. But it is something that each year several hundred runners—some good, some bad, some awful—always seem willing to strive for. At 6 and 7 o'clock that evening, long, long after the noontime starting hour, you can lean out a window of the Hotel Lenox and still see an occasional runner plodding or walking along Feter Street determined to go the entire length of the 26-mile 385-yard course. By now no one will catch him in a blanket. The officials and spectators have long since gone home, and even the dogs don't seem interested to give chase.

Last year at this late hour I exited from the hotel with a Canadian friend who had been forced out at 20 miles because of a leg injury. He was a good runner, a member of his country's Olympic team, and he had finished in the top 10 in Boston more often than not. We watched one of the late plodders stumble past the deserted finish line. "Look, Gordon," I prodded. "There's another runner finishing in front of you." I could get away with it, because in two previous attempts at running the Boston Marathon, despite some rather impressive track credentials, I had failed to finish myself after running much of the race near the lead. He mumbled something unprintable, but deep in his heart he knew I was right. In the Boston Marathon there are many victors, and not all of them cross the finish line in first place.

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The Finch Who Came to Dinner

A founding bird took on an importance in the family out of all proportion to her size

by RUTH H. DUDLEY

Some boys found her one evening in the suburb where we live—a tiny, partly-feathered baby bird cheeping helplessly on their lawn. One boy took her home and tried to feed her sugar and water.

The next day they brought her to me—with very little life left in her. It was my first meeting with Jujube, who took on an importance in the life of my family out of all proportion to her size.

The first problem was to get some food into her as quickly as we could. A quick mixture of Pabulum and water was offered, in a medicine dropper, until a better formula could be prepared. But she seemed too weak and frightened to open her mouth. Her bill was so tiny, so delicate I was afraid to force it open lest I hurt her.

What to do?

Twelve-year-old Steve dug out his Audubon Bird Call. He twisted this little gadget over the baby bird's head, hoping the sounds that came out would remind the creature of its mother. I held the medicine dropper poised hopefully, handily. Suddenly the tiny bird came alive. The little wings fluttered. The mouth stretched wide. Quickly I popped in some food.

By next feeding time—half an hour later—I had made up a formula that has successfully taken care of many kinds of birds: one tablespoon Pabulum, one tablespoon egg yolk, one tablespoon mashed potato (the prepared kind). And, since this was a seed-eating bird (her tiny size and stubby bill suggested that she might be of the goldfinch family), I added a tablespoon of canary seeding food.

At first we kept the bird in a small box—a twig inserted crosswise on which she could perch. We tried a cage but she

almost strangled herself trying to squeeze through the bars.

Then she discovered a small coffee pot on the table, and thus she took over, perching happily on the rim. We bought a little "picnic parasol"—a cheesecloth affair that opens up like a little umbrella and is used to cover picnic food. Steve rimmed it with a four-inch base, to make it higher, and hung a little bird swing from one of its ribs, and the finch had a new home, with her favorite coffee pot inside.

Soon she was learning to feed herself. Her feathers were coming in fine, her tail growing a bit each day. Color began to show on her breast—pale yellowish, a hint of greenish on her back, her tail and wing feathers dusty. A female green-backed goldfinch, we decided.

One day her cheep had a new note. A two-note call. "Ju-bee—ju-bee—" or so it sounded to us. From then on Jujube was her name.

And what an amusing, undisciplined house guest Jujube was. She spurned her water dish—but came streaking out to the kitchen whenever I turned on the faucet. She'd fuss around, chattering in excitement, until I'd cup my hands under the running water. Then down she would hop for a satisfying drink. Sometimes she would flutter her little wings and take a bath in my cupped hands—a bit gingerly at first, but working up to a water-splashing crescendo. Then, soaking wet and happy, she'd fly to my shoulder where she'd give herself a thorough shake—and me a secondhand bath. And away she'd fly again, high up onto the valance board atop the dinette windows.

One day there was a new, impatient note in her voice. And now and again a "chittering" flight toward a window. Was she trying to tell us it was time for her to go free?

There were plenty of goldfinches in a nearby canyon. So one morning, with somewhat heavy hearts, we hiked up the canyon, Steve carrying Jujube in her original box. Then—one moment she

was on his finger chattering in excitement. The next—away she flew into a nearby tree.

We watched her flit from branch to branch, eagerly investigating every leaf and twig. She seemed perfectly happy and content. Would she be all right? We didn't know. But soon we had to leave. At 4:30 in the afternoon we checked back.

"Jujube—Jujube—" Steve called. There was no answer. We hiked a bit further, calling and calling as we went. Still no response. We waited as long as we could. Then Steve gave one last loud call, before turning back.

"Jujube! Jujube!"

Far, far up toward the hilltop, something caught my eye. A very small speck against the sky.

It came nearer, nearer—a little bird, flying straight toward us. "Ju-bee—Ju-bee—" came the plaintive, familiar cry. And down swooped our Jujube. Right onto Steve's head.

continued



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Foundling Finch *continued*

At home Jujube ate hungrily for a while, then settled on her high shelf, head beneath her wing. For a long time she stayed there, motionless, resting.

We decided to try letting Jujube out in our yard while we worked in the garden. She flew to our sycamore tree and remained there happily for a time. Presently, with a happy, "ju-bee," away she flew into the distance.

Within an hour her call came again from the tree. And down she flew to my finger, begging for food. She rode my shoulder inside and flew to her high shelf and dish of seed.

Triat flights

As the days went by, Jujube left earlier in the morning and stayed away for longer and longer intervals, usually till sunset and sometimes later. But one day she came back early—four in the afternoon. Instead of calling to us she took a quiet, leisurely bath in the birdbath on the lawn—something new for her to do. When Steve called to her she flew to him, still wet from her bath, and rode in on his shoulder.

She seemed very restless that evening. And next morning she ate very little, but rode my shoulder as I tried to get breakfast, chattering at me impatiently, pecking at my neck and ear.

Steve opened the sliding glass door and she flew swiftly into the sycamore tree above. She perched there hesitantly, looking down at us for a moment. "Jubee—ju-bee—" she sang softly.

Then she slipped off, winging quickly away and away and away into the distance. Something seemed to tell us this was our final goodbye.

And we were right. Jujube did not return that night. Nor any night thereafter. We went around calling her for a while. Especially at sundown, her usual time to come home. But there was no eager answering note. No whirr of wings to our shoulders.

A group of pretty little goldfinches stopped at our bird bath the other afternoon.

"Jujube, Jujube," I called softly. One—only one from among them all—flew to a lower limb. She looked down at me from her sycamore perch.

"Ju-bee—ju-bee—" she said softly. Quickly then she took flight, streaking away and away with her pals into the distance. Was it our Jujube? We like to think so.

END

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Lombardi has managed this by carefully blending daring with caution, speed with strength, size with sensibility. His team, like most pro clubs, works in small, almost self-contained units. The corner linebacker and the defensive end who plays in front of him work together, the middle linebacker coordinates his moves with those of the defensive tackle, and the halfback and safety on each side work together. In each one of the five groups that constitute the Packers' defense, Lombardi has purposefully paired off the conservative with the liberal, the solid rock who is perturbed by nothing that happens with the energetic rocket who may go off in any direction, causing great damage or, conversely, making a brilliant play that will keep people talking for weeks. **FROM "PERFECT AND BALANCED DEFENSE," BY TEX MAULE, NOVEMBER 19, 1962**

It is the combination of irresponsible desire for higher revenue and track management's abetting of that desire through single-minded concern with the betting handle that has led to a decline in the quality of much of the racing. We believe that the states that derive so much profit from racing must begin to assume genuine responsibility for the quality of the sport. They must take their eyes off the tote board occasionally and pay some attention to the standards of competition. They must stop using their racing commissions as salable assets for political-patronage appointments. A pitifully small percentage of commissioners around the country today are knowledgeable racing men. **FROM "THE TROUBLES OF A PROSPEROUS SPORT," BY WHITNEY TOWER, FEBRUARY 13, 1961**

One theory, no more bizarre than the others, had it that the mob ordered Patterson to lose and promised him a one-sided High Noon if he didn't.

The genesis of all this wide-eyed theorizing and downright baloney was the fact that many spectators failed to see the knockout blows. One second Patterson was tottering against the ropes, the next he was collapsing like a bridge table. Those who didn't have a good look at the punches but were unfamiliar with Liston's work vastly underestimated their force. Liston is not a notably swift and flashy hitter, but that final left hook crashed into Patterson's cheek like a diesel rig going downhill, no brakes. **FROM "THE FACTS ABOUT THE BIG FIGHT," BY GILBERT ROGIN, OCTOBER 8, 1962**

In its 64 frantic, erratic years professional basketball has produced but two dynasties. The first was the Celtics of New York—the original Celtics. They played anyone, anytime, anywhere and finally disbanded in noteworthily disgust in 1928, victims of their own ability. They couldn't find anybody worth competing against. The second was—some will say *is*—the Boston Celtics... Now, partly because the league's best all-round player, Elgin Baylor, is back from the Army, but even more because a wiry, playmaking guard, Jerry West, has matured so swiftly, a third great basketball dynasty is abuilding, the Los Angeles Lakers. This is the season it should take over, and with its solid combination of youth and talent it could prevail as effectively as both its powerful Celtic predecessors did. **FROM "FORECAST FOR A NEW PRO SEASON," BY WILLIAM LEGGETT, OCTOBER 29, 1962**

In tennis terms, today's drivers rarely hit winning shots; rather they force, or await, opponents' errors or breakdowns. Neatness is everything; bravura driving counts for very little. This is due to the small "underpowered" engines of the day and a new kind of car. The current racers handle better—corner more securely and more quickly—than any in history, but they lack the surplus power that used to enable an inspired driver to outpace a superior opponent by scrambling around the turns.

The result is that more and more the cars themselves, not the drivers, are becoming the real stars of modern racing. **FROM "A BOKES' DUEL AT WATKINS GLEN," BY KENNETH RUDSEN, OCTOBER 15, 1962**

The technique of Persian group hunting is to follow a quarter of a mile or so behind the imperial scouts, sometimes in a long single column, occasionally, where the terrain permits, in small social bunches. The imperial scouts, with the sixth sense and 20X vision that local trackers the world over seem to have, scan the surrounding peaks and ridges as they move along. As soon as one of them decides that that tiny black speck on the horizon is not a sunspot or a *monflan* (the mountain sheep that abound in the imperial hunting areas outside Teheran), he holds up his hand for the procession to stop while an approach to the game is figured out.

There are several ways to make the approach. The Shah's favorite is to gallop straight to the game. **FROM "A LADY HUNTS WITH THE SHAH," BY VIRGINIA KRAFT, DECEMBER 24, 1962**

Another important American shot that would be of little use to the British pro is the charging approach to the green—the middle or short iron that is hit right to the pin, where it bites into the green and stops within a couple of feet of where it lands. On most British courses in midsummer that same shot would bounce off into a tangle of gorse and take a lot of recovering. The British have to learn to run the ball up to the hole and risk a few wayward bounces that are strictly a matter of luck. When they meet the Americans on the bigger, longer courses, where the greens are soft enough to hold a crisp approach shot, they are playing under a pretty severe handicap. **FROM "PITY THE POOR BRITISH PRO," BY ALFRED WRIGHT, JULY 16, 1962**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE CRUX

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Morton Sharmik have given boxing its greatest assist since the first fighter donned a pair of gloves (*Brink of a Championship*, April 13 *Mam*, many thanks for your factual and unemotional account of the tragedy). With the exception of three local sportswriters, we've read nothing but swarms and reports of hysterical outcries from headline seekers who managed to hit the front pages with news of Davey Moore's collapse, struggle and death. Then on the next day following Moore's wake, the story of his last flight to Ohio was buried deep on page 10 of the sports section where there are more classified ads than sports.

The people who screamed "ban boxing" never did say on what grounds. Oh, there were words from certain politicians and even His Holiness Pope John XXIII, that it should be outlawed on the grounds that it is barbaric. But this is not only ridiculous, it is biased and unfair. The opponents of boxing are quick to tell us that boxing should not exist, because we point out that there are "more gentle" deaths in mountain climbing, auto racing, hiking, etc., too. But therein lies the crux of the whole matter. Why single out one sport because of certain risks involved, and let others thrive with the same or even greater risks (including that big sport—the flight to the moon)? Unless boxing is banned because of a defect in its morality, then it should not be banned unless all other "risk-ridden" activities are also banned. Ironically, the critics seldom touch the moral aspect. It's just as well since almost no fighters have ever expressed a desire to render permanent harm or injury (Sugar Ramon expressed this beautifully).

Once again, I must applaud you for mentioning boxing's age-old miseries—the influence of hoodlums and lack of scientific research with regard to better protection (though the latter was hardly a factor in Davey's demise). This kind of constructive criticism is always welcome. Last fall you had an excellent article on the morality of boxing (*SI*, Nov. 3). Morton Sharmik's masterpiece rates beside it.

FRANK L. WILSON, JR.
Church of the Advent (Episcopal)
Los Angeles

Sirs:

I'd like to second the point you made in your article on the death of Davey Moore, namely, your reference to the use of scientific devices to detect serious injuries.

I was a college boxer at the University

of Wisconsin and won the NCAA title at 145 pounds in 1952. Two years later I was knocked out and given an electroencephalographic test. They detected what they termed "slow waves" and did not allow me to fight again. I can't help but feel that that test prevented me from incurring serious damage.

However, college boxing did give me two important things—a college education and the realization that difficult situations must be faced—not only in the ring but in later life as well. There was never a time waiting in the dressing room before a fight that I didn't wish somehow that I wouldn't have to go through with the ring battle.

Boxing taught me a lesson my father might have learned many years before when he left our family of five after our mother's death. In other words, boxing gave me an education and a more important lifelong lesson in facing difficult situations. In addition, the scientific procedures available saved me from possible serious injury. I came out way ahead of the game.

ROBERT J. MORGAN

Chicago

Sirs:

The death of Davey Moore puts us all under an obligation to do our utmost to see that this type of thing does not happen again. The state of Virginia requires all amateur boxers to wear headgear when engaged in boxing. I cannot believe that headgear is ineffective, and I must reject the contention of the promoters that the use of headgear is "certain death at the box office." The promoters of yesterday no doubt claimed that the use of boxing gloves would keep fans away.

PRESTON G. ACKER

Lynchburg, Va.

SOME KIND OF NUTS

Sirs,

As a lifelong admirer of squirrels, I was intrigued by the *Freelander* Freeway described in *Siouxland* (March 25).

I hasten to reassure those who think these clever quadrupeds will not find Nutty Narrows Bridge. It would probably be a well-merited gesture to their intelligence to give them at least a few days to learn the new way across the street before marking it out with mvs. I'll bet a quarter they'd find it.

I speak from experience with a crew of squirrels who think they own my place, and who have bypassed every obstacle I have put in their way to the bird feeders.

F. E. KUSH

Des Moines

ODYSSEAE

Sirs:

Thank you very much for your interesting story on Sally Ames Langmuir and her fine yacht, *Bellefleur* (*Siouxland's Long Voyage Home*, April 13). However, there are two other women of my acquaintance who have far outdistanced Mrs. Langmuir's record in "miles under sail."

The first is Mrs. Hecta Johnson, wife of Captain Irving Johnson, who formerly owned the schooner *Jawley*, the brigantine *Yawley* and who is now sailing aboard their beloved ketch *Yawley* in European waters. Mrs. Johnson's experience at sea from 1911 to the present includes the following routes: three Atlantic crossings; seven around-the-world voyages (*SI*, July 4, 1955), each covering approximately 45,000 miles; and more recently, four years in their auxiliary ketch *Yawley*, sailing through the Baltic Sea, the Greek islands, the Mediterranean, and countless crossings of the European Continent itself via the rivers and canals.

During her years on the first two *Yawleys* she brought up two sons aboard, as well as doing her full share to run the ship captained by her husband and assisted by amateur crews of young men and women.

My second candidate for these honors is Dr. Alice Strahan Sheldon who, as a member of the crew of the brigantine *Yawley's* seventh world voyage (1956-58), also covered some 45,000 miles aboard her. Later, with her husband Captain Christopher Sheldon, she sailed the brigantine *Albatross* through the Mediterranean from Portugal to Sicily, down through the tedious Red Sea, south around the Cape of Good Hope and back to the U.S. The vessel was then fitted out as a school ship and sailed from Myske, Costa through the Caribbean, the Panama Canal and out to the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific. She was headed back to the Bahamas in the spring of 1961 when the vessel was struck by a freak blow in the Gulf of Mexico, and sank with the loss of six hands, including Dr. Sheldon. A memorial has been built and dedicated to this gallant woman at the Myske Seaport Museum in Connecticut.

My congratulations to Sally Ames Langmuir for her enthusiasm for the sea, and especially for ocean racing, which is a strenuous and taxing sport for both boat and crew. At the rate she is going perhaps she will someday pass the records of miles under sail set by these two women.

LYDIA EDEN JEWELL

North Hollywood

continued



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19TH HOLE *continued*

SIMPLE DEDUCTION

Sirs:

In regard to your article on the so-called U.S. "schoolboy gang" playing in the 1963 world hockey championships (Sports Illustrated, March 18), I congratulate you on taking some action to expose the deplorable situation facing amateur hockey today in this country.

Certainly our seventh-place finish in this year's world tournament is by no means an indication of U.S. ability. Having been the victors in the 1960 Olympic hockey championships proves without a doubt that we have players able to challenge any world power.

This year's disgraceful showing clearly indicates that our best players are being deprived of the opportunity to represent this country's true hockey strength. The reason is lack of adequate financial backing. If smaller countries such as Sweden and Czechoslovakia can afford to send experienced, well-organized teams into international hockey competition, why can't the U.S.? What can the average fan do to help?

EDWARD BENNETT JR.

Burlington, Vt.

Sirs:

I came across the observation of the editor of Sports Illustrated that one of the reasons for the poor showing made by our hockey team on its recent tour and in its participation in the world championships was the fact that adequate funds are not available except in Olympic years, when contributions can be deducted from income tax.

We will appreciate your passing the word along that contributions made to our People-to-People Sports Committee for the purposes of conducting international sports events are tax deductible during any year—Internal Revenue Ruling 57-38. Contributions may be earmarked for specific projects or specific sports.

EDWARD P. F. LAGAN

New York City

Sirs:

I feel the average American citizen is not aware of the influence exerted by our representative teams on foreign peoples' impressions of us. The conduct of our teams, both on and off the field, is so important it behooves us to send abroad only the best.

KENNETH W. TAVANE

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I feel it is up to the American college coaches to give a nod to American youngsters over Canadians. I am not condemning the Canadians, but they will not go on to represent us in the world championships.

CHRISTIAN H. ELOT

Boston



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